

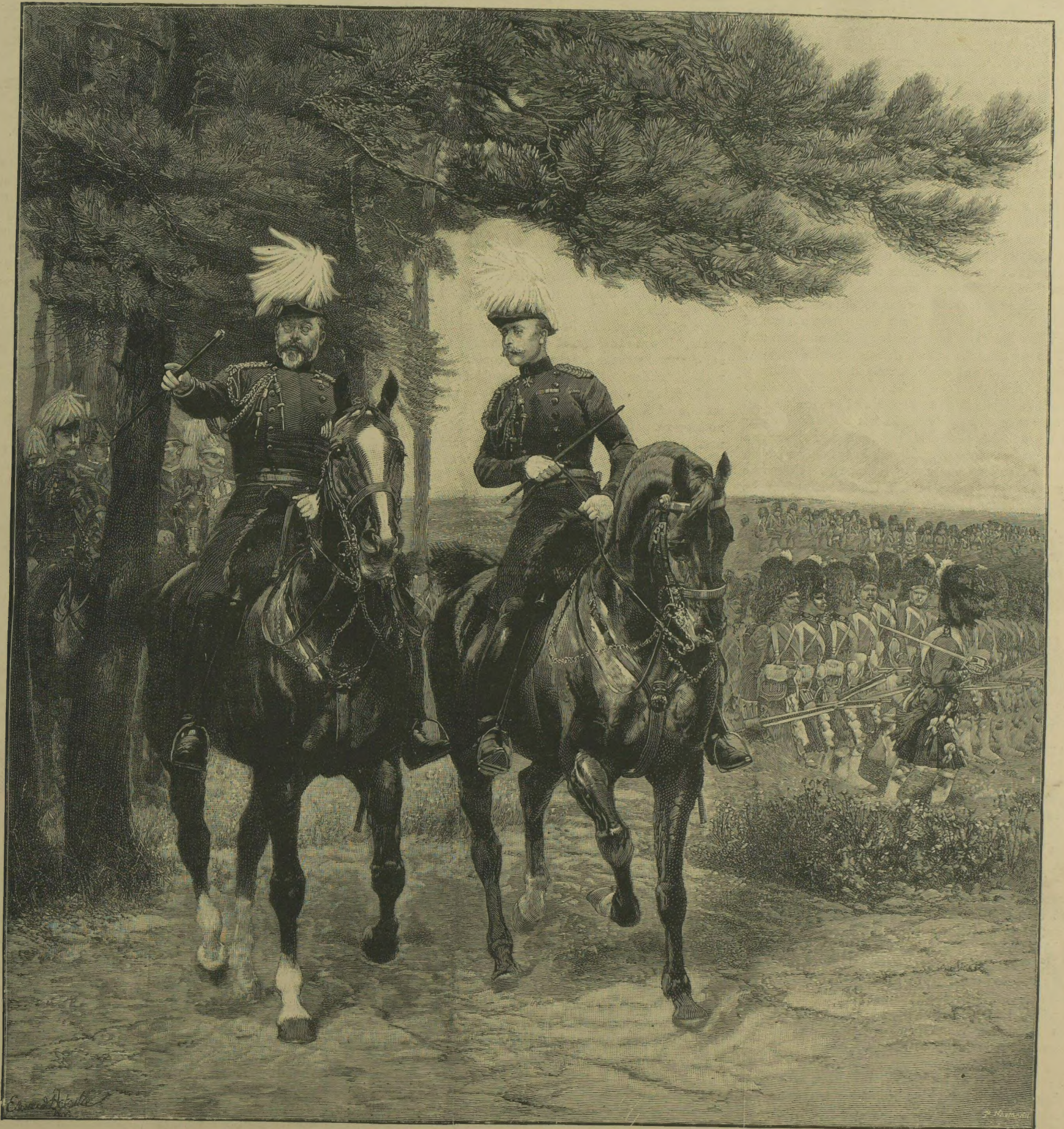
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2934.—VOL. CVII.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1895.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: "OUR FUTURE KING." } SIXPENCE.
FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. CVI. } By Post, 6½d.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT.

From the Picture by M. Edouard Detaille, Painted by Command of the Queen.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Official documents are not generally attractive reading, but it is said that the War Office possesses among its archives the following "mem." A workman engaged in casting metal for the ordnance at Woolwich Arsenal lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten gun-metal. He was, of course, utterly consumed at once. In Sam Weller's famous narrative of the sausage-maker, there were buttons left to identify the victim. Here there was nothing. "The authorities"—and one would like to have the authority for this statement—"decided that it would be profanation to use the material for the purpose it was intended, and it was accordingly buried, and the service for the dead read over it." This would make a much more interesting question to ask in the House of Commons than anything about cordite. Why has all that gun-metal been wasted when the very object of it was to kill folks? Moreover, it may be justly argued that a patriotic person would have had no objection to be made a missile against the enemies of his country. The dry bones of a King of England were once carried into the battle-field to terrify his foes, but they could never have done the execution of this man of metal. The action of the War Office seems to have been inexplicably sentimental. Why, at least, was not some good use made of this material? It might have been cast into a church bell, which to imaginative ears might have seemed to speak in a more human voice than ordinary bell-metal. Some day or another it is certain to be dug up and put, perhaps, to some less reverent use. Or it may lead science astray by being mistaken for a thunderbolt.

There is one strong argument against the prevailing notion of the intellectual powers of the dog—namely, that it seldom knows when it is well off. Among human beings this is a very unusual ignorance. There are, it is true, a few boys who, without any stimulus from ill-treatment, run away to sea; but these individuals, though it is possible they may eventually become great ornaments to their profession, are not in youth remarkable for their intelligence. Moreover, they read stories of adventure, which (so far, at least, as anecdotes of instinct have as yet advanced) dogs do not seem to do. Yet a dog will run away from a home of comfort, where everyone combines to spoil him, again and again. This is a subject upon which I am qualified to speak, for I have an example of such a truant in, so to speak, my own family. Rip has no excuse for desertion: he has two baskets well lined, one in an east room, and one in a west, so that he may always get the sun; he has coffee and sugar and all sorts of tit-bits besides his regular meals. There is a legend that he has once been whipped, but it only rests on oral tradition, and no one really believes it. Unless he is the most sanguine dog in the United Kingdom he cannot hope to better himself. Yet this four-footed idiot will always slip out at the front door if he has the chance, and risk every description of peril and privation. As for lacerating all our hearts by his disappearances, this does not affect him in the least; but that is only human. I don't speak of his vice but of his folly. If he came back fatter than he went (though that seems impossible), or brought a bride with him, or a nice little leg of lamb from the butcher's, the thing would be accountable, but he returns footsore, travel-stained, half-starved, without his collar, and in place of it a bit of rope with which he has been evidently tied up, and which is bitten through. Conceive any dog being such a born fool as to risk this twice: whereas he will do so twenty times.

It is possible, of course, he may wish to create a sensation, in which case, it must be confessed, he succeeds. Some domestics derive satisfaction from telling bad news, but this is not the case with ours when they have to break the dreadful intelligence to their mistress (about once a fortnight) that "Rip is off again." Distinctions of rank are forgotten in the common calamity, and we all mourn together. Cards are immediately written out, a statement of the catastrophe in large text to be distributed among the trades-people; rewards are offered; policemen on the beat are admonished to have an eye to the deserter. Scouts are dispatched in all directions but the right one. The night falls with redoubled gloom; the gas is left alight in the hall for his possible reception—as though he had gone to a party and was expected to be a little late—also some light refreshment. We sit up for hours in the futile hope of his return, and, sick with apprehension, retire to our sleepless couches. We listen to the chorus of our neighbours' dogs in hopes to catch a note we recognise—

One bark, however faint and low,
Ay, e'en a growl, were music now.

About four o'clock there is a prolonged howl from the area, which heralds for certain the wanderer's return—there is no other performer who can rival that melancholy coranach. Half-a-dozen windows are at once thrown open, and Rip is adjured by as many voices to stay where he is till somebody can descend and open the front door. Then he is received with every mark of favour that can be shown to a prodigal, and without an elder brother to object to it; and yet before three weeks have passed over his head that dog will have run away again! If that is "instinct," give me stupidity.

When Parliament is on its last legs, an early "silly season" sets in with the amateur newspaper correspondents.

Some of these, in connection with the Grace testimonial, have beaten the record; but the gentlemen who have been discoursing upon thunderstorms run them very close. One of them is so good as to tell us how to dispose ourselves wisely during these dangerous visitations. His advice for out-of-doors is chiefly negative. Trees and haystacks and the lee of a house are to be avoided: one would have thought in the last case a good plan would have been to go inside, but this alternative seems to have escaped the adviser. You must not stand on the bank of a river, nor even by a sheet of water, so that nothing is left for you but to remain in the open and get wet through; but you must not "stand erect," even there, but go on all fours, or, better still, lie down. Most people, one would imagine, would rather take the "off chance" of being struck by lightning than get the rheumatism for certain, but this is a matter of opinion. In the house you must not place yourself under a gas-alier, nor near the gas-pipes nor the water-pipes, nor any "mass of metal," such as sixpenny-worth of coppers. "Absolute immunity from harm may be secured by reclining in a hammock suspended by silken cords in the middle of the room." This is not, however, an article to be found in every house. In default of it you may sit in a chair with your feet on another; "but the legs of both chairs must repose on a feather bed or mattress." The best plan of all is to go to the railway station and take the train somewhere, "where protection will be afforded by the metals and the telegraph-wires." All this, it strikes one, goes upon the supposition that a thunderstorm lasts a very long time, and that the lightning will not hurt anybody while these prudent arrangements are in progress.

There are some descriptions of worthless persons better to read—not in the sense of more agreeable, but in that of a moral lesson—than any sermon. The life recently published of "Old Q" is one of them. It is unusual for a biographer to begin his work with the conviction that the subject of it is a scoundrel—though it often dawns upon him later on—but in this case it could not be avoided. "Old Q," as the fourth Duke of Queensberry was called, had no redeeming point about him. We are told that he was clever, but there is no proof of it: he never said a witty thing and never did a wise one; his letters are contemptible. If he was "a thorough man of the world," it was of the worst possible world, though he lived among what some call "the best people." As his life was without incident of any kind to awaken a ray of interest, the book is necessarily bald. It has to be plumped out by records of his racing experience, which was, after all, nothing remarkable. Though thought in his time to be the most distinguished of the patrons of the Turf, it is doubtful whether he ever won so much in his life as many owners of racehorses now win (or lose) in a season. Still, the book is not without a certain attraction. It is wonderful in itself that a man like "Old Q" should have filled so great a space in the minds of men, without desert or distinction in any way save that derived from his rank and his vices. He has even been embalmed in the verses of Frederick Locker.

In looking for one halfpenny-worth of good in the intolerable amount of evil in "Old Q's" life, we find two thousand pounds given to the Patriotic Fund. That is—considering that the money he left behind him paid £120,000 of legacy duty—about half-a-crown. With this best act of his selfish and sordid life we may couple what, from a humane point of view, was perhaps the worst. On succeeding his cousin in the dukedom he found many old equine pensioners who had been superannuated in the domains of Drumlanrig, where, well housed and fed in winter, and with untethered liberty in summer, the good, kind-hearted Duke let his old horses live their natural lives, nor on any account would he permit one to be sold or killed. "His successor looked upon one of man's best friends with a very different eye. A horse to him seems to have been merely a quadruped, plus its money-earning power. Therefore, seeing a portion of the park at Drumlanrig dotted with his deceased cousin's old coach and other horses, enjoying well-earned repose, he looked upon them as so much capital lying idle. To order his 'factor' to turn these poor brutes into money were words of small moment to his Grace, but of incalculable suffering to the poor animals, who, after being dispersed at auction, were seen dragging overlaid carts until death put an end to their miseries." As a study in black the life of "Old Q" is not uninteresting, and leaves on the reader's mind a certain sense of hopelessness and despair of its subject, which is at all events a novel experience.

In these days, perhaps through the general rebellion against the Greek language, the ancients have been depreciated. It is even thought that their imagination has been overrated. This, if one dips into some of their "records," will be found to be a great mistake. The Cretans in St. Paul's time had a great reputation for this gift, but they are not "in it" in comparison with their ancestors. The phrase *splendide mendax* applied to an exaggerator of a distant but still more recent date falls far short of their excellency in this line. From having no register offices or meteorological societies or statistical publications, their opportunities for exaggeration were very much greater, of course, than we possess;

but they abused their privileges. They were most tremendous liars. We do as well as we can in that way; but our lies, even the American ones, are in comparison mere taradiddles. We sometimes find the skeleton of a man nine feet high, and make quite a fuss about it. Whereas when Lucius Flaccus, the Legate—think of that, not an obscure archaeologist, but the Legate—and Metellus (known to all of us) beheld in Crete (a very proper locality) "the carcase of a man thirty and three cubits," or nearly forty-two feet long, "they had doubted of the fact, but now saw that which upon hearsay they had imagined to be a fable." Two witnesses of greater respectability could hardly have been secured. This is pretty good for giants, but as well as magnifiers the ancients used microscopes. "In the time of Theodorus there was seen in Egypt a pigmy so small of body that he resembled a partridge." The chronicler might more appropriately have said a blackbird, for this duodecimo creature, he tells us, "sang divinely." If we come to pedestrianism, the record of Philippides, who was sent by the Athenians to implore the assistance of Sparta against the Persians, is hard to beat. Pliny tells us—and Pliny is an honourable man—that this young person in the space of two days ran one hundred and seventy miles and a half. The "half" is delightful. This is nearly four miles an hour, including stoppages for refreshment; sleep he seems not to have indulged in, or perhaps he walked in it. The ancients did not do so much in the swimming way, but on the other hand they had no backers in boats to administer beef-tea and bovril.

For many generations the narrators of prodigies seem to have "slowed down": they probably found they had overdone it, and that readers only said "Yah!" or recommended them to address the horse-marines. But in the sixteenth century there was a sort of renaissance of lying on a scale that surpassed the old masters. Ferdinand Lopez, historiographer to the King of Portugal (what could you have better than that?), had a man brought before him in the Indies who "by good proof and sufficient testimony had lived three hundred and forty years." He had grown young again four times, changing his white hair for black, and getting new teeth. "He had had about seven hundred wives in his time" (or times), "whereof some" (as one may well imagine) "were dead, and others put away." The King of Portugal received yearly news of him by the fleet from the Indies, but the poor man only lived thirty years—a mere span—after his discovery. At Rome, about the same time (1531), there lived a man only a hundred years old, it is true, but he, too, had grown young again—had changed his skin like a snake, and was most engaging to look upon. Unfortunately, after fifty years of this second youth, "he suddenly became very old indeed, and seemed as if he was made of the bark of trees," which must have been far from attractive. What are our giants and dwarfs and pedestrians and centenarians compared with these old-world prodigies? Stone-eaters we have, indeed, but which of them can vie with Francis Battalia, who lived on stones? He was born with two in one hand and one in the other, which, "by the physician's advice" (think of it!) he took for his first nourishment; afterwards just "three to four pebbles in a spoon once in twenty-four hours." What a prescription for the digestion! But the ancients could swallow anything, and every opportunity was afforded them to do so.

Apropos of a recent "Note" upon skin-grafting, a correspondent is so good as to send me the following interesting communication: "In the current number of *The Illustrated London News* you remark that you have never heard of self-sacrificing whites giving their skins for their fellow-creatures. More than twenty years ago, when skin-grafting had not yet emerged from its experimental stage, I was a medical student in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. One day Professor X, when discoursing on a patient in the ward who had lost almost the whole of the skin from one of his feet from a burn—another puddler having accidentally poured a ladleful of molten iron into his boot, open at the top—remarked that he despaired of getting the foot re-covered with healthy skin unless the new method of skin-grafting (till then untried in Scotland) were tried and proved successful. The patient having flatly refused to supply the necessary skin, and the other inmates and students following suit, I offered to supply it, and the Professor cut from the inner side of my left arm a piece of skin the size of a halfpenny, cutting, as I subsequently learned, too deeply and too large a piece. He divided this into two pieces, one of which fell, rolled under the bed, and was lost, while the other half he subdivided into about a dozen little pieces, and stuck them on the man's foot, where they grew and formed islands of living skin. These little islands, spreading and increasing in size, gradually grew till they finally coalesced, and thus the foot was cured and useful again—indeed, his foot healed long before my arm did. On his leaving the hospital, in reply to my good-bye and a remark that he was now more or less a blood relation of mine, he said, 'Oh, ay. I'm a' recht, but y're a d—d fule.' I naturally had been interested in the experiment, and had dressed the man's foot with the greatest care daily for weeks, and with a success beyond my utmost hopes. I have since met as strangers many a Chinaman, many a Malay, and many an alligator whose treatment of me was gentlemanly as compared with that blood relation of mine."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Country cousins, American cousins, and friends of all the nation who happen to be in London just now spending their Henley time, cricket time, and the joys of both Goodwood and Cowes in the loveliest of summer weather, cannot complain of neglect at the playhouses. Stars are bright in the firmament, and the stars are of peculiar brilliancy. Now that London is so full it was lucky that Henry Irving decided to revive his next repertoire for America. Even in the dog days, and with theatres like ovens, who would willingly miss seeing Ellen Terry play the enchanting Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"?—the best Beatrice, surely, that has ever been seen; and who would willingly forego the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with her Henrietta Maria in "Charles I."?—quite an ideal performance, that sends the audience after the "farewell" sobbing into the street. Ellen Terry's Henrietta Maria is one of the most beautiful things she has ever attempted, and I class it for womanly tenderness and nature with her Olivia. Then there is Henry Irving in nearly all his best characters, at the head of which are the three incomparable parts—Matthias in "The Bells," the King in "Louis XI.," the Archbishop in "Becket." Those luckless ones who have not been introduced to these fine characters must hurry up, for the season is drawing to a close, and before we meet again after the holidays the Lyceum company will be off to America once more, eager to seek fresh laurels, while the old Lyceum will be left in the artistic charge of the new Romeo and Juliet as personated by Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

And then not so very far away, at Daly's, will be found the delightful Ada Rehan, who seems to me to be acting better than ever this year, for she has found another Shaksperian maiden able to dress up in boy's clothes in order to wear out her poor heart with grief while her faithless lover woos a proud but very beautiful rival. Since writing last there have been several more claimants for the honour of having produced "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," notably one by the Irving Dramatic Club, which has done so much in bringing forward the less-known plays of Shakspeare. But it may be said generally that this one play is to the majority of Shaksperian students unknown, and by students I mean those who learn all about the master by seeing his plays on the stage. That is the only true way. I have tried them all: in the study alone, at Shakspeare classes, at Shaksperian readings, and so on; but "the play's the thing" for the true student of Shakspeare. Augustin Daly has been told that he has turned "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" into an opera; that he has cut out here and added there, and interpolated somewhere else. Who cares one snap of the fingers? He has restored to the stage a lovely play; he has presented to Ada Rehan another enchanting comedy character; he has introduced to us the old friends (in many a picture gallery), Launce and his dog Crab, and he has given delight to many an intelligent audience. So he can afford to smile when hyper-critics grumble.

Madame Réjane has reappeared in her best character, Madame Sans-Gêne, with her "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," causing "laughter holding both his sides," thereby filling the Garrick Theatre. She is a little more extravagant in gesture than she was at the outset, and underlines some of her best scenes in the bluest of ink; but, on the whole, it is an admirably clever performance, and one that should not be missed by the lovers of good acting. I hope I shall not be considered obstinate, but I still do not see how it is to be edited for the English stage, containing as it must the typical slang of Paris in the days of the First Napoleon, unless it be true that Sardou has offered his help and promised to give all his aid to the new English version in preparation for Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Let no one think for an instant that Ellen Terry cannot be broadly funny. Witness, for instance, her Nance Oldfield, in which she handles farcical fun in the most bewitching manner.

In all probability Wilfred Clarke, the clever son of John S. Clarke, will be seen very shortly on the English stage for a short season at the Strand. He has distinguished himself very much in America as an actor, and in some of his father's best-known characters, Major Wellington de Boots, Dr. Pangloss, and Mr. Toodles. On this occasion also we shall see on the stage Miss Helen Mar, who has been in England some time entertaining.

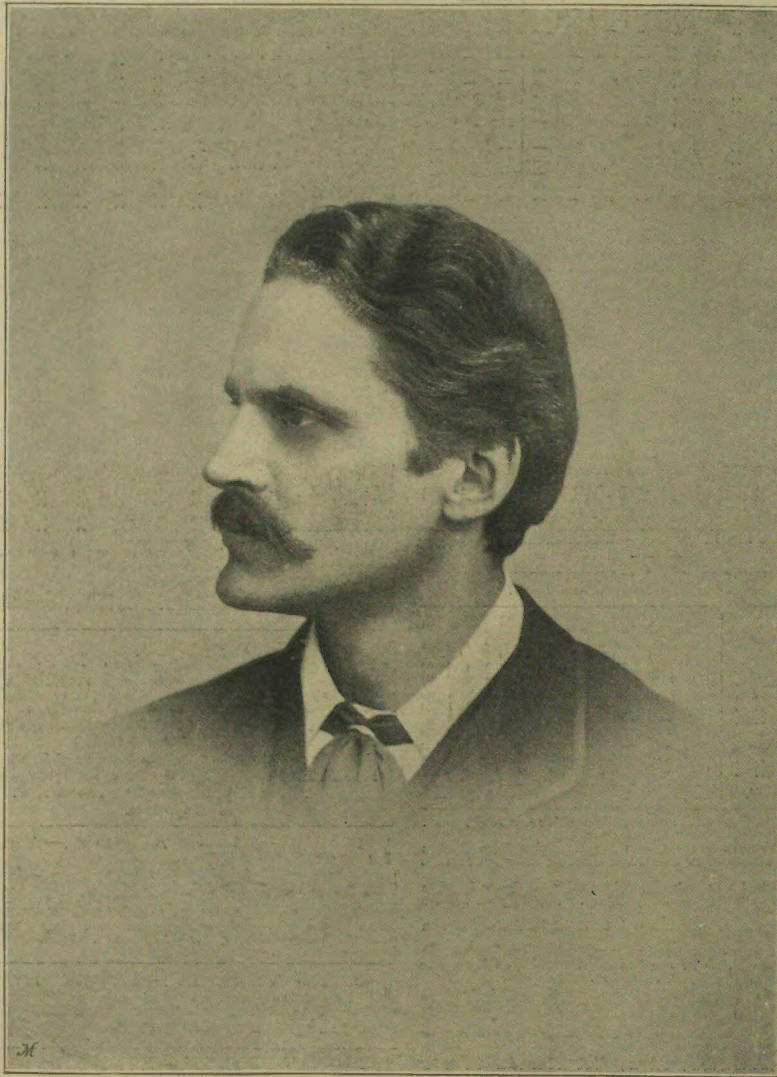
Great interest is felt in the announcement that Miss Marie Halton, a charming and accomplished actress, has been engaged by a Parisian manager to open a new theatre and to play in French. Here, then, is the thin end of the wedge of reciprocity. Perhaps Paris will go a step further and

engage Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Geneviève Ward, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. Charles Brookfield, Mr. W. Herbert, Miss Calhoun, Miss Marie Tempest, and other distinguished French scholars of English origin to play in French in Paris—a daring undertaking in the presence of those who consider that the only good acting and good French to be found in the world are in Paris.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, who has succeeded in the new Ministry to the post in which his brother, Mr. Arthur Balfour, won so much distinction in the early years of the first Unionist Administration, is the fourth son of the late James Maitland Balfour, of Whittingham, Haddingtonshire, by Lady Blanche Cecil, daughter of the second Marquis of Salisbury. He was born in 1853, educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and married, in 1887, Lady Elizabeth Edith Bulwer Lytton, daughter of the first Earl Lytton. Lady Betty, as she is called, is one of the most popular women in society. Her husband entered the House of Commons in 1885, as member for the Central Division of Leeds. He is known to the House as a man of fine intellect, removed, like his brother, from the commonplace atmosphere of party strife,



MR. GERALD BALFOUR, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Photo by Russell and Sons.

a thoughtful student of politics, with much of the personal charm distinctive of his family. He takes office for the first time—an office, too, which is no bed of roses for a beginner. One thing is certain about the Chief Secretaryship—that the holder of it will be successful in proportion to his capacity for displeasing all the Irish parties. That is the agreeable tradition which Mr. Gerald Balfour has now undertaken to justify.

THE THAMES YACHTING SEASON.

Amateurs of nautical skill who do not care just now to go far away from London, and whose yachts are not of great sailing power or sea-going stability, can enjoy their favourite pastime in the wide lower reaches of the river, where the low level of the shores in Kent and Essex does not intercept the wind. There is always sufficient variety of scenes and incident to satisfy the contemplative lover of aquatics, and the approach to the course has a pleasing homeliness of aspect and of local associations. Tilbury and Gravesend are not London-super-Mare, but the metropolitan district would hardly seem complete without them; Erith and Greenhithe and Northfleet have agreeable rural scenery around them. The school-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, in which many boys are prepared for training to become seamen of the Royal Navy, and the *Worcester*, the "Nautical College" for those destined to be officers of the Mercantile Marine, deserve approving recognition. Far below, where the estuary of the Thames is rather an important arm of the sea than a mere river, its historical memories of naval conflicts at the entrance to the Medway afford the

topic of some interesting reflections as the guard-ship *Sanspareil* is passed in nearing Sheerness. All this may keep the mind employed in the hours of waiting for a race, or beguile the tediousness of slow speed when there is not wind enough for exciting sport. The regatta of the Thames Yacht Club is not the least acceptable proceeding of its kind.

THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.

The Great Wheel at the Indian Exhibition, Earl's Court, was opened for daily public recreation on Saturday, July 6. It has been constructed by a company, of which Sir William Dowell is chairman, and Lady Dowell performed the christening ceremony, as if it were a ship. The wheel, built of steel, is 300 ft. high, and revolves around an axle 7 ft. in diameter, carrying forty cars, each of which can accommodate thirty or forty passengers, moving round gently in about three-quarters of an hour, and enjoying a magnificent panoramic view. Our Illustrations show some of the other features of the Indian Exhibition, which have already been described and have become familiar to thousands of visitors, especially the lake, with its ornamental bridges, and the reproductions of Oriental architecture. The elephants and camels, the shops and bazaars, the Hindoo artisans plying their hereditary crafts with patient dexterity, the variety of rich and picturesque costumes, and the luxurious provision for repose and refreshment, make this a most attractive place of resort. The illumination at night with an immense number of incandescent electric lights has a splendid effect.

THE SHAHZADA AT WINDSOR.

His Highness Nasrullah Khan, the Shahzada of Afghanistan, son of the Ameer Abdurrahman of Cabul, had been presented to our Queen just before she went to Scotland; but the reception which was given to him on July 2 was accompanied by all the circumstances of stately ceremony that belong to her Majesty's Court upon an occasion when it is intended to pay the highest honours to a distinguished foreign visitor. On his arrival from London he was met at the railway-station by their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and was conducted to the Castle. Here was a guard of honour formed of the Scots Guards, and a salute was fired by the Royal Horse Artillery in the Long Walk. The Yeomen of the Guard were stationed in St. George's Hall, with the Military Knights of Windsor, and the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms in the State Reception Room; the halls and staircases were also guarded by parties of the 2nd Life Guards. His Highness was received by Lord Carrington, the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Steward, and the Earl of Cork, Master of the Horse, with the officers of the Royal Household, who conducted him by the grand staircase, through the State apartments, to the Reception-Room. Here, at a quarter past one o'clock, he was met by her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the

Duchess of Connaught, the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, and was attended by her Ladies-in-Waiting, with the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, Secretary of State for India, Sir Stewart Bayley, Political Secretary, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Earl Granville, and the officers of the Court and Royal Household. The Shahzada was invited to take a seat at the Queen's right hand. He presented a superb casket, which contained a letter from his father (the Ameer) to her Majesty, and asked her acceptance of some valuable gifts which had been arranged in the same room. After the exchange of personal courtesies his Highness was conducted to the Oak Dining-Room, where he joined the Queen and the members of the royal family at luncheon. He then took leave of her Majesty, and left the Castle.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

(See Supplement.)

His first birthday! One year old! This royal baby, Edward Albert, was born on June 23, 1894, and may live, as we hope, to succeed his father, King George V., his grandfather, King Albert Edward, and his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, at a remote date in the twentieth century, when the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland shall be quite as well worth reigning over as it is now. It is to be supposed that his Royal Highness has not yet much idea of such an exaltation; but if ever an infant child showed promise of fitness to become a man worthy of high place, of dignity and conscious responsibility, this little Englishman seems likely to be the kind of person that a future generation of our countrymen will greet with respectful loyalty.



THE GATHERING OF THE MISTLETOE.—BY HENRY M. RHEAM.

From the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



PLAYMATES.—BY JAMES CLARK.

From the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

PERSONAL.

The final proceedings of the late Parliament led to some lively incidents in the House of Lords. As there are no rules of procedure in that assembly, any Peer says what he pleases whenever he chooses. The Duke of Argyll made an onslaught on Lord Rosebery, who happened to be absent. Next day Lord Rosebery reappeared, and told the Duke of Argyll that he cared no more for the ducal hostility than the Life-Guardsman in the anecdote cared for his diminutive wife's personal violence: "It pleases her and it don't hurt I." After this the Duke of Argyll made another speech, consisting mainly, as Lord Rosebery suggested, of matter left over from the previous harangue. The Duke was very angry with the Liberal party, and said they ought to be called the "Slipper" party. Lord Rosebery asked if this were English, and the Duke retorted that it was good enough English for the purpose. Altogether, the scene was of a kind which rarely occurs even in the liveliest moments of the House of Commons.

Lord Salisbury took occasion to charge the atmosphere with more electricity by an attack on a speech which Lord Rosebery made at the Eighty Club. He was particularly indignant at the statement that the Lords exercised "a legislative preponderance," and he suggested that if the Liberal party were only "in their right minds" there would be no complaint about the action of the Peers. To this Lord Rosebery rejoined with the declaration that an unchangeable Tory majority of five hundred Peers would mean nothing else than "legislative preponderance," and he emphasised this by banging the table so vigorously that Lord Salisbury grimly asked for a word that had escaped his ear in the noise of the blow. During this rhetorical and gymnastic exhibition a stranger might have wondered whether he had strayed into the House of Commons by mistake during an Irish debate.

There is not much life in the electioneering, except in Ireland. A new quarrel has broken out between Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon. Certain negotiations between the Nationalists and Mr. Thomas Ellis with regard to the subsidising by the Liberal party of four seats in the North of Ireland were denounced by Mr. Healy as infamous. At the Omagh convention of the Nationalists Mr. Healy produced what he regarded as an incriminating letter, brandished it in Mr. Dillon's face, and accused that politician of having "sold O'Neill's county to an English party." Mr. Dillon described this charge as "an infamous and calumnious lie." After further recrimination, a delegate exclaimed "Pitch both of them out!"—a suggestion which was received with "loud cheers."

In a speech at the Arundel Club Sir Henry Irving alluded to the "official ban" on his profession. He cited the case of his son, Mr. H. B. Irving, who, when he was called to the Bar was qualified to attend a Levée; when he left the Bar for the stage the qualification ceased. It is said, in reply to this, that, as a barrister-at-law, Mr. H. B. Irving did not cease to enjoy the privilege of waiting on his sovereign's representative; but the fact is that names have actually been removed from the Lord Chamberlain's list when the owners have entered the dramatic profession. When the Dublin University degree was conferred on Mr. Irving even that was not held to mitigate the "ban." Of course his knighthood removes it altogether, but the antecedent circumstances, when fully known, will make a curious piece of social history some day.

The good monks of Fécamp have rebuilt the famous Benedictine distillery, destroyed by fire three years ago, and the new building has been consecrated by the Archbishop of Rouen, a circumstance which every lover of the Benedictine liqueur will gratefully bear in mind. The history of Benedictine is curious. It was originally prepared by a celebrated Italian chemist, nearly four centuries ago, as a specific against malaria. In 1792 the Abbey was destroyed by the revolutionists, and the liqueur condemned as a beverage of aristocrats. The secret of its manufacture was lost till 1863, when it was discovered among some ancient documents that had escaped destruction. From that time the liqueur has asserted its supremacy all over the civilised world.

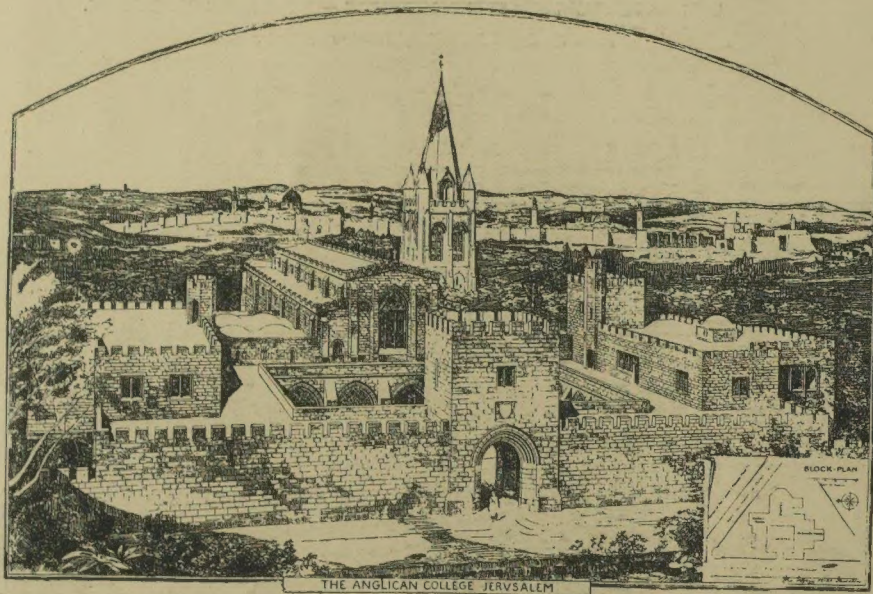
It is denied that Princess Maud of Wales has taken to cycling, and so far none of the Princesses has been drawn into the pastime which occupies so much aristocratic leisure. The rational dress for lady cyclists appears to excite in some parts of the country the animosities which, as Lord Salisbury says, lead to civil war. One fair cyclist has been fined for assaulting another lady who was on foot. It appeared that the incident arose from the extremely incisive rebuke which the cyclist's garments provoked from unappreciative spectators. It remains to be seen whether the fortunes of the General Election will be in any way affected by the demand of an anti-rational dress party that candidates shall pledge themselves to vote in the House of Commons against the admission of ladies in knickerbockers to the public parks.

Domestic servants are on the war-path. They have held a meeting in Hyde Park to impress upon Lord Salisbury the necessity of legislation to compel employers to give satisfactory "characters." There is every prospect of a new political party being established for the purpose of sending butlers and other dignified representatives of the domestic servants to the House of Commons. The statute which they desire to enact would, it may be presumed, make it illegal for an employer to give a servant a character unwelcome to the son or daughter of domestic toil. That is the tendency of modern labour legislation. At present the housemaids have no votes, but a time may come when they will make their political influence conspicuous if not paramount, and wages, characters, and Sundays out will be fixed by inexorable law.

A golden wedding in the highest rank of the British Peerage was celebrated on July 3 at Badminton, in Gloucestershire, the famous seat of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Their Graces were married on that day of the year 1845. The Right Hon. Sir Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, eighth Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Baron Herbert, was born in February 1824. The Duchess was Lady Georgiana Charlotte Curzon, eldest daughter of the first Earl Howe. They have five sons and one daughter, the Marchioness of Waterford.

German Reed's Entertainment will reopen on Monday, July 15, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. One cannot read such an intimation without a pang of regret at the sad and irreparable loss sustained in the spring by the famous Entertainment. But, at the same time, one can be sincerely glad to welcome the resuscitation of a house of amusement with such an unblemished record as this has. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Arcadia," with music by Frederick Clay, will be one of the chief items in the new programme, which commences with a comedieta by Chance Newton, entitled "Soured and Sweetened." Mr. Rutland Barrington has written a musical duologue, "The Professor," and will perform with Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Marie Garcia, Miss Elsie Cross, Mr. Charles Wibrow, and Mr. Hilton St. Just.

The lively account which Mr. Alan Gardner gives of the natives of Rajpootana in "With Rifle and Spear among the Rajpoots," ought to increase public interest in the domestic affairs of the late Sovereign of Jamnagar. The chief of this Rajpoot Principality is styled the Jam, and he conceived the idea at one time of nominating as his heir the gentleman who is popularly known amongst English cricketers as that admirable batsman Mr. Ranjitsinhji. But the Jam changed his mind under the influence of certain Mohammedan ladies, and when a son was born to him he forgot the distinguished cricketer and left his dominions to his offspring. The Bombay Government, which exercises a semi-paternal control over the Jam's territory, was perplexed by this turn of events, but at last decided to recognise the late Jam's son as the new Jam. So Mr. Ranjitsinhji is not



PROPOSED ANGLICAN COLLEGE AT JERUSALEM.

the real Jam, and he must console himself as best he can by making "centuries" in the cricket field. Perhaps, if he had gone out to Jamnagar in time, he might have convinced the Rajpoots by his prowess with the bat that he represents the best quality of Jam in the native stock.

There is a diverting discussion, conducted with the greatest gravity, in the Paris Press about the conduct of the Duc d'Orléans at the Duc d'Aosta's wedding. Some Orleanists have reproached the Duke with the etiquette he adopted at the wedding meal. He ate at a separate table with a few friends, the rest of the company being relegated to an adjoining room. He had nineteen courses, and the adjoining room had only fifteen. He gave his few friends rose sorbet, and the adjoining room had none. So the Orleanist cause is threatened with disruption, all on account of the rose sorbet. Evidently some Royalists in France are epicures first and Orleanists afterwards. The idea of a political party being endangered by a dispute about rose sorbet could only arise in a nation so signally destitute of humour as the French.

One of the most picturesque incidents of the electoral contest has been the desire on the part of a certain section of the Conservatives of Birmingham to oppose Mr. Chamberlain's nominee in the central division of that city. The invitation to Lord Charles Beresford was not by any means unanimous, and at this particular crisis it may be readily understood that the Conservatives do not wish to quarrel with their allies. Lord Charles Beresford's singular popularity, however, with all classes of the community makes his ambition to represent Birmingham, rather than any one of the twenty-three or twenty-four constituencies which have offered him a fight, not unnatural, and not likely in the long run to be disappointed.

The appearance of the Shahzada at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening had a certain interest in the direction of the all-world recognition of Shakspeare's fame. The play of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was one in which Miss Ada Rehan was, perhaps, less effective than in most of her parts; but the very fine spectacular attractions must have made a remarkable appeal to the Afghans, and, without understanding a word of the performance, the Shahzada can have hardly been bored.

A notable figure in the history of modern melodrama has passed away in Mr. Paul Merritt. He had been connected with the stage for the past twenty-four years, and

had written forty-two plays that have been produced during that period. His earlier plays were written for the Grecian Theatre, but gradually he had plays accepted at the Adelphi, Duke's, Drury Lane, St. James's, Gaiety, and Surrey theatres, until at last he became widely known as a very successful writer. Mr. Merritt wrote a great deal in collaboration with other well-known writers, and has collaborated at different times with Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. George Conquest, Mr. Edward Righton, Mr. Alfred Maltby, Mr. Henry Spry, and the late Tom Taylor and Henry Pettitt. His "New Babylon," produced in June 1878, is still often played, and other celebrated plays of his are "Rough and Ready," "The World," written in collaboration with Sir Augustus Harris and Henry Pettitt, "Youth," in collaboration with Sir Augustus Harris, "Mankind," in collaboration with Mr. George Conquest, as were also "For Ever," and "The Crimes of Paris." His last great play was "Pleasure," written in collaboration with Sir Augustus Harris, and produced at Drury Lane, Sept. 3, 1887.

THE PROPOSED ANGLICAN COLLEGE, JERUSALEM.

The elevation of the plan for the Anglican College at Jerusalem was a prominent object in the architectural portion of this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. The architect is Mr. George Jeffery, F.R.I.B.A., of Cairo. The "College" will comprise an official residence for the Anglican Bishop, with such necessary offices as are required for purposes of business, and for the preservation of records, and for a good library. The prominent feature of the group of buildings is the Bishop's Chapel, which is sufficiently large and dignified, without being beyond the needs of our Church at Jerusalem. But perhaps the most interesting building in the group is the Clergy House, which will offer residence for such clergy as will give help to the Bishop in his intercourse with other churches, and assist in the services of the chapel, and in training native clergy and teachers for work under the Bishop. These have now to be trained in England or Canada. Certain rooms are included

which will serve as a "hospice" for receiving those who visit the Holy City for devotional or literary purposes, or who may be desirous of spending some months in Palestine at a very small expense before taking holy orders in England. To such the help of the College staff will, it is hoped, offer all the advantages of an English theological college. The increase of English residents outside the walls of Jerusalem has long made it necessary that there should be Church accommodation beyond that of the small and distant mission church within the walls; and for these and for numerous travellers the Bishop's temporary chapel has for some time been of much service. The Greek Patriarch also pointed out to the Bishop the importance of services fairly representative of the Anglican Church and not under the control of any society in England.

The whole cost of the buildings will be about £15,000, and they will be erected as money comes in. A site has been secured, for which £3300 was paid, and the chapel has already been raised about twelve feet above the foundations. There the building has to stay for want of funds. The chapel will cost about £7000, the other buildings about £3000 each, and the enclosure and outhouses will absorb the balance. A firman has been received from the Sultan covering the erection of the buildings and duly recognising them. The outlay is little enough when contrasted with the costly buildings lately erected by other Churches at Jerusalem. The Germans alone are spending more than five times this sum upon the restoration of the buildings of St. John of Jerusalem, which were presented to them by the Sultan. And the risk and inconvenience of keeping the work of the English Church in hired houses, as is now the case, is increasingly grave and objectionable. Messrs. Coutts and Co. are the bankers of the Jerusalem and the East Mission Building Fund, and as money is subscribed it will be applied to the progress of the work, which cannot in the East remain at a standstill without risk.

THE RIVER.

The river lingers, loth to go,
Singing her country song and slow,
She winds amid the fields and clover,
Hither and thither, to and fro.

She knows that far in mist and mirk
Lies the great sea with many a barque,
But would not the sweet day were over
Under this heaven of thrush and lark.

In the flowered field she lies at play
Half the length of a summer's day,
Like a long silver ribbon curving
To and fro in her wild, sweet way.

Alas! thou little river, dost fear
What lieth past the alders sere—
Past the long channel, curving, swerving,
Bearing thy waters far from here?

Dost know this day is sweet and good,
Here in earth's meadows saffron-hued
Where the birds sing and sing for ever,
And the lark soareth o'er his brood?

But the deep calleth—even so
Calleth, and there is far to go.
Yet we would stay, I and the river,
Sweet is the meadowed place we know.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, has been visited by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Greece, the Archduke Charles Louis and Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria, the Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the late Crown Prince of Austria, Prince Maximilian of Baden, and the Crown Prince of Denmark. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Sir H. H. Fowler, late Ministers of State, have been guests at the Castle. The Queen has also received the new Ministers, and on Monday, July 8, held a Council to sign the royal proclamation for dissolving Parliament.

On Saturday her Majesty received at Windsor the delegates of the International Railway Congress, with Sir Andrew Fairbairn, president of the executive committee. The foreign deputations represented France, Austria and Hungary, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Portugal, and the United States of America. Of the Colonies there were Canada and New South Wales. The Queen, accompanied by several of the royal family in a carriage, met those gentlemen on the South Lawn, where they were presented to her by the Prince of Wales.

A State concert was given on Friday evening, July 5, on behalf of her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece, and many of the English royal family, were present.

The Queen went to Aldershot Camp on Wednesday, July 10, and witnessed next day a grand review of the troops under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, July 8, visited the Royal Medical Benevolent College at Epsom, and laid the foundation-stone of the New Lower School. On Tuesday his Royal Highness presided at a meeting at St. James's Palace in support of the British School of Archaeology at Athens; on Wednesday he was at the Hound Show at Peterborough; and on Friday, July 12, would go to Portsmouth to join in the entertainment of the Italian fleet.

The arrival on Tuesday of the naval squadron commanded by Admiral the Duke of Genoa, whose ships are described and illustrated on two other pages of this publication, was an interesting spectacle. The British Channel Squadron, consisting of the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Empress of India*, the *Repulse*, the *Resolution*, the *Blenheim*, the *Endymion*, and a few smaller vessels, was moored at Spithead; the Italian and English crews, as they passed each other, manned ship and cheered heartily, while their bands of music played the National Anthems. At noon, on board Nelson's old flag-ship, the *Victory*, in Portsmouth Harbour, Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, with the captains of all the ships of the Royal Navy at Portsmouth, received the Duke of Genoa and the chief officers of the Italian squadron. In the evening they were entertained at the Royal Naval College in Portsmouth Dockyard with a dinner, at which the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, presided, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York was among the company.

The British School at Athens for the study of Greek archaeology, literature, and art, founded twelve years ago, under the direction, successively, of Mr. Penrose and of Mr. E. A. Gardner, has an income of barely £500 a year, and is in need of greater financial support, requiring £1000 or £1500 a year to fulfil its objects, and to bring English efforts into a position equal with those of the Germans at Olympia, the French at Delphi, or the Americans at Argos, besides what the Greeks themselves are doing at Eleusis and Epidaurus. The Prince of Wales, at the meeting at St. James's Palace, was accompanied by the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, nephew to the Princess of Wales, and took occasion to say that his sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany, and her lamented husband, were the main promoters of the German explorations and studies at Olympia. Among the speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Professor Jebb, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. E. Egerton, the British Minister at the Court of Greece; also Lord Herschell and the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

The Duke and Duchess of York on Thursday, July 4, opened the flower-show of the East London Horticultural Society at the People's Palace, Mile-End Road. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Duke of Fife as president of that society.

The prorogation of Parliament took place on Saturday, July 6, and the dissolution on Monday. The opposed political parties had already begun the electioneering campaign. On July 2 the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations issued its manifesto. On the other side Lord Rosebery, who had made a speech that day to the Eighty Club, addressed on Friday evening at the Royal Albert Hall, with Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Tweedmouth, a great meeting of the London Liberal and Radical Union; while Sir William Harcourt on the same evening made a speech to his constituents at Derby. These right honourable gentlemen on Tuesday were again speaking at Derby, at Edinburgh, and in East Fife; while Mr. John Morley spoke at Manchester. Many of the candidates for cities and boroughs had issued their addresses before the end of the week. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on Saturday spoke in North Lambeth in aid of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African

explorer, as Unionist candidate for that division. Mr. Gladstone's farewell letter to the electors of Midlothian, published on July 4, announces his final retirement from public life.

Now that the General Election is absorbing attention it is worth while putting on record the effect which time has had upon the fortunes of political parties in the House of Commons. In 1892 there were 269 Conservatives returned to Parliament; at the dissolution these had increased to 272. At the General Election in 1892 there were 45 Liberal Unionists, at the dissolution there were 49; so that the total strength of the Unionist party increased from 314 to 321. Now, turning to the other side, there were 274 Liberals returned to Parliament in 1892; at the dissolution they had diminished to 267. The Anti-Parnellites maintained from 1892 to 1895 their total of 72. The Parnellites also retained their 9 seats. When the whole Irish party, therefore, voted with the Liberals, there was a total of 355 in 1892, which fell to 348 at the time of the Dissolution. In these calculations the Speaker's vote, never exercised except in the case of a tie, is not reckoned. The "conclusion of the whole matter" is that the united majority of the Liberals with their Irish friends had dropped from 41 in 1892 to 27 in 1895, and this 27 was much reduced on almost every division by abstentions and disagreement with various points in the Government policy.

The Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* on July 8, at the Royal Clyde Yacht Club Regatta, came into collision

of the American Society in London was attended by about four hundred guests. In the absence of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, the chair was filled by the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, who is the Ambassador to Italy. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner proposed the health of our Queen. It happened that the commemoration dinner of the past and present members of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was taking place in an adjacent room. Someone recollected that John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England; this led to an exchange of fraternal greetings.

In cricket, since the Oxford and Cambridge match last week, the chief affair has been the match at Lords between the Gentlemen and the Players, which was not concluded at the time of writing this notice. The most remarkable performance in it was that of Mr. W. G. Grace, who on Tuesday made a score of 118.

The funeral of the late Professor Huxley in Finchley Cemetery, on Thursday, July 4, was attended by distinguished representatives of the Royal Society, the Royal School of Mines and College of Science, the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, the Natural History Museum, the Geological Society, the Chemical Society, and the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute. The religious service was performed by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, an old friend of Mr. Huxley and his neighbour while residing in London.

Two or three collisions of vessels at sea, with sinking and drowning of the crews, have been reported during the past week. On July 5, in the Mersey, near the entrance to the Manchester Ship Canal, a Scotch steamer, laden with salt, was thus sent to the bottom, and five men lost their lives.

The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was opened at Bisley on Monday, July 8, in very fine weather and with every prospect of more than ordinary success.

There is little or no political news of any importance from the Continent of Europe. The German Emperor has been visiting Stockholm. The French Chamber of Deputies has debated, and further postponed, the proposal of a graduated income tax. The Prussian Diet has been discussing a readjustment of the land tax. In Servia the Ministry of M. Christich has resigned, and a new one has been formed by M. Stojan Novakovich. The Ottoman Porte has not yet decided what it will do about the demand of the Powers that reforms shall be effected in the government of the Armenian provinces. It is further occupied with the troubles in Macedonia, and a strong diplomatic hint is given to Bulgaria that it should abstain from giving any encouragement to Macedonian insurgents.

The contract for the Chinese loan of £16,000,000, guaranteed by Russia, was signed on July 6, and has been taken up by a syndicate of Paris bankers.

The opening of the Delagoa Bay railway to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, was celebrated on July 9 with a banquet, at which Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of the Cape Colony, made a speech expressing most friendly sentiments towards the South African Republic and President Krüger.

A disastrous collision took place on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada on July 9 near Point Levis, in the Quebec province, by which thirteen persons were killed and thirty badly injured.

Floods, occasioned by sudden and violent storms of rain, in the States of Missouri and Kansas, on July 5 and in the night, caused the destruction of many houses and some loss of life.

The French army in Madagascar has had two brief conflicts with the Hovas on the western side of the island, but the latter were quickly routed. Sickness among the French troops is at this season a greater obstacle to their advance inland. One-tenth of the soldiers are now in hospital.

The newly married Duke and Duchess of Aosta have arrived at Rome, where they have met with a grand reception from the Italian Court and the inhabitants.

The disputed boundary question between France and Brazil, with reference to the French Guiana territory, is to be settled by arbitration, either entrusted to an international Commission or to a foreign sovereign.

The prospects of the Labrador coast fisheries this season are considered better than they have been for ten years past, and it is hoped that this will contribute to restore prosperity in Newfoundland.

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS CLARK.

All kindly feeling persons must—and would equally, if the mistress of the late Mr. Francis Clark were not our Queen, but were simply an old lady, unfortunately not able to walk without assistance—sympathise with her regret at the death of a very useful and faithful personal attendant. Her testimony, expressed in the Court Circular, to his good service during twenty-five years, and the graceful act of sending funeral wreaths, one from her Majesty and one from Princess Christian, to his grave at Braemar, near Balmoral, whither his body was removed from Buckingham Palace, should be appreciated not only by her trusty Highlanders, but in all parts of her kingdom by those who entertain right views and sentiments concerning domestic servants; in which respect her Majesty has ever set a high example to every family, of whatever rank and class in society. Mr. Francis Clark, who has died at the age of fifty-four, was a cousin of the late Mr. John Brown.



Photo by Hughes and Mullins.

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS CLARK, THE QUEEN'S PERSONAL ATTENDANT.

with the yacht *Ailsa*, and had a piece of her bulwarks knocked away. The *Valkyrie* starts for New York on July 17 to contest the America Challenge Cup with the new yacht called the *Defender*.

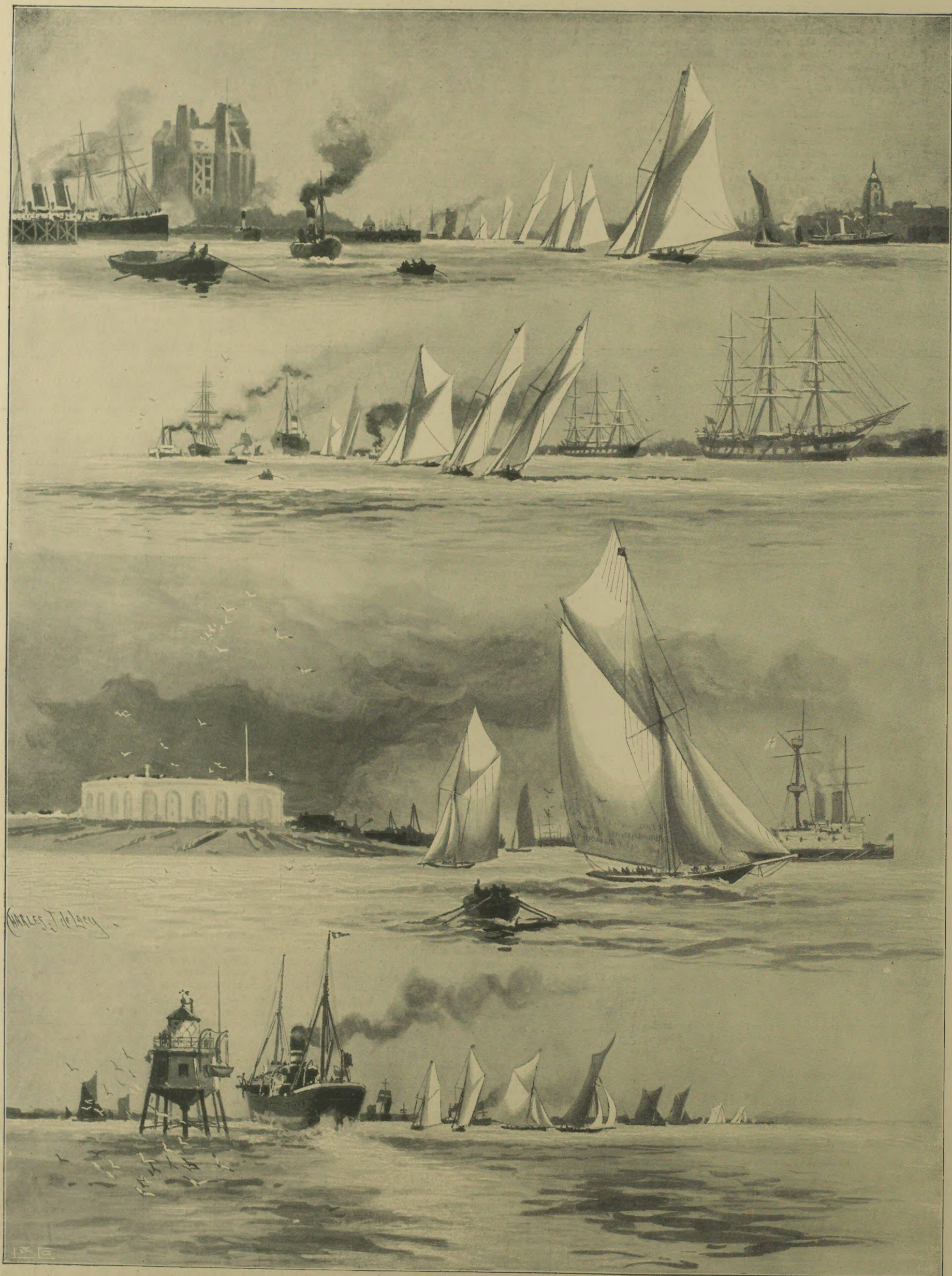
Earl Cadogan, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Gerald Balfour, the new Chief Secretary, arrived in Dublin on July 7, and next day entered upon their official duties.

A peerage, with the title of Viscount, is to be conferred on the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, who was Home Secretary in the last Conservative Ministry. Lord Knutsford is raised to the rank of Viscount. Sir Henry James, of course, receives a peerage.

The freedom of the City of London was presented to Viscount Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, on Thursday, July 11, at Guildhall.

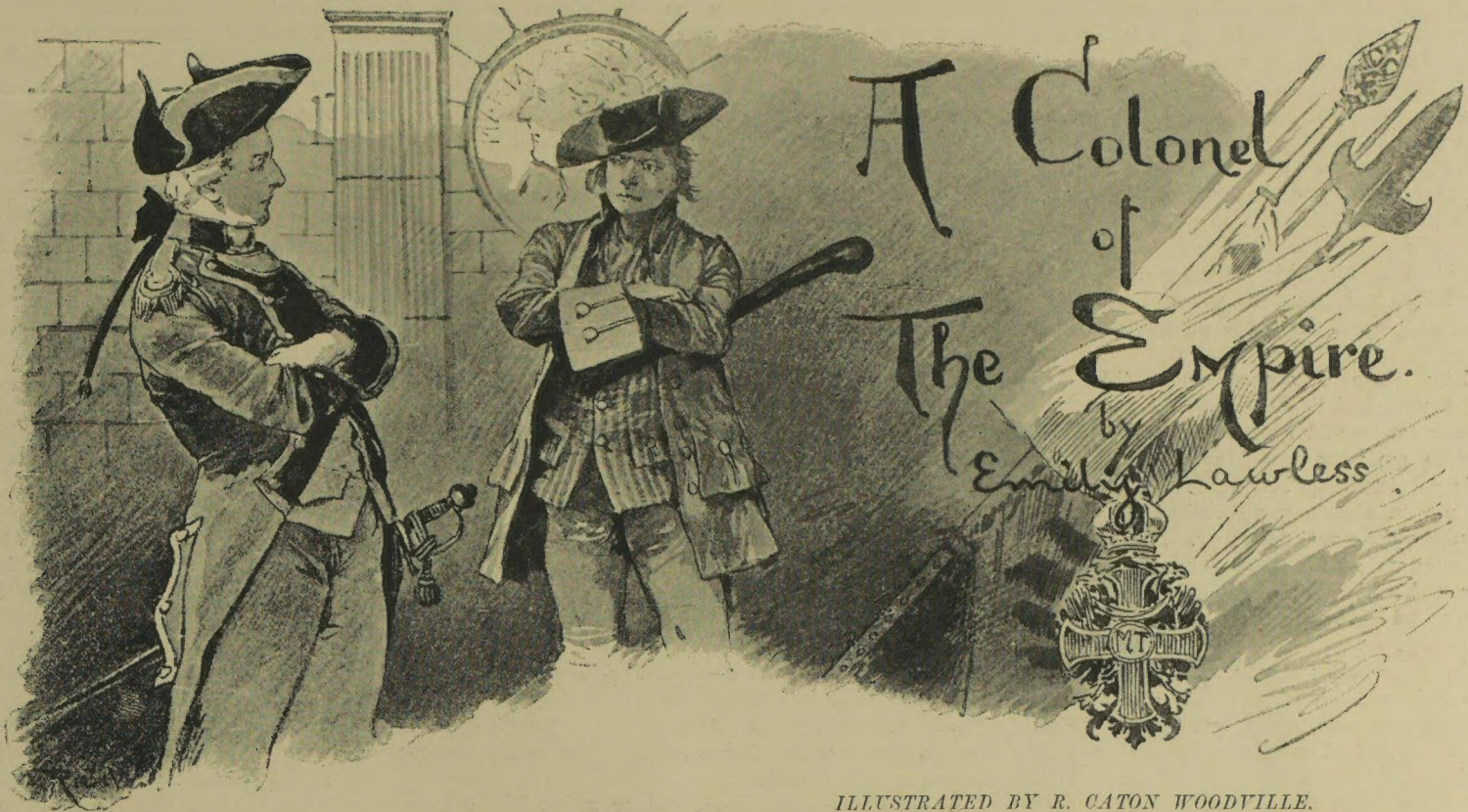
A yearly custom of some antiquarian interest, "The Trial of the Pyx," took place in the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company on July 3. The "Pyx" is a box in which specimens of the gold and silver coinage of the Mint during the past year must be deposited by the officials of that establishment, to be examined by a jury of the Goldsmiths' Company, sworn to apply the strictest tests of the fineness of the metal, the due legal proportion of the alloy, and the weight of the coins. A certificate was issued, as usual, approving the coinage, which has amounted in the year to £3,028,000 of gold, and above £900,000 of silver.

The anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence in 1776 was celebrated on July 4, in London, by hoisting the United States flag at the Embassy, in Victoria Street, Westminster; at the Consulate, in St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street; and at the American Exchange Reading-Rooms and the office of the Despatch Agency, Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square. The banquet



1. Off Tilbury. 2. Greenhithe, with the *Arethusa* and *Chichester* School-Ships. 3. Off Sheerness: the *Sanspareil* on Guard. 4. Off the Mucking Light.

THE THAMES YACHTING SEASON.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

From the Private Papers of Mangan O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa.

CHAPTER II.

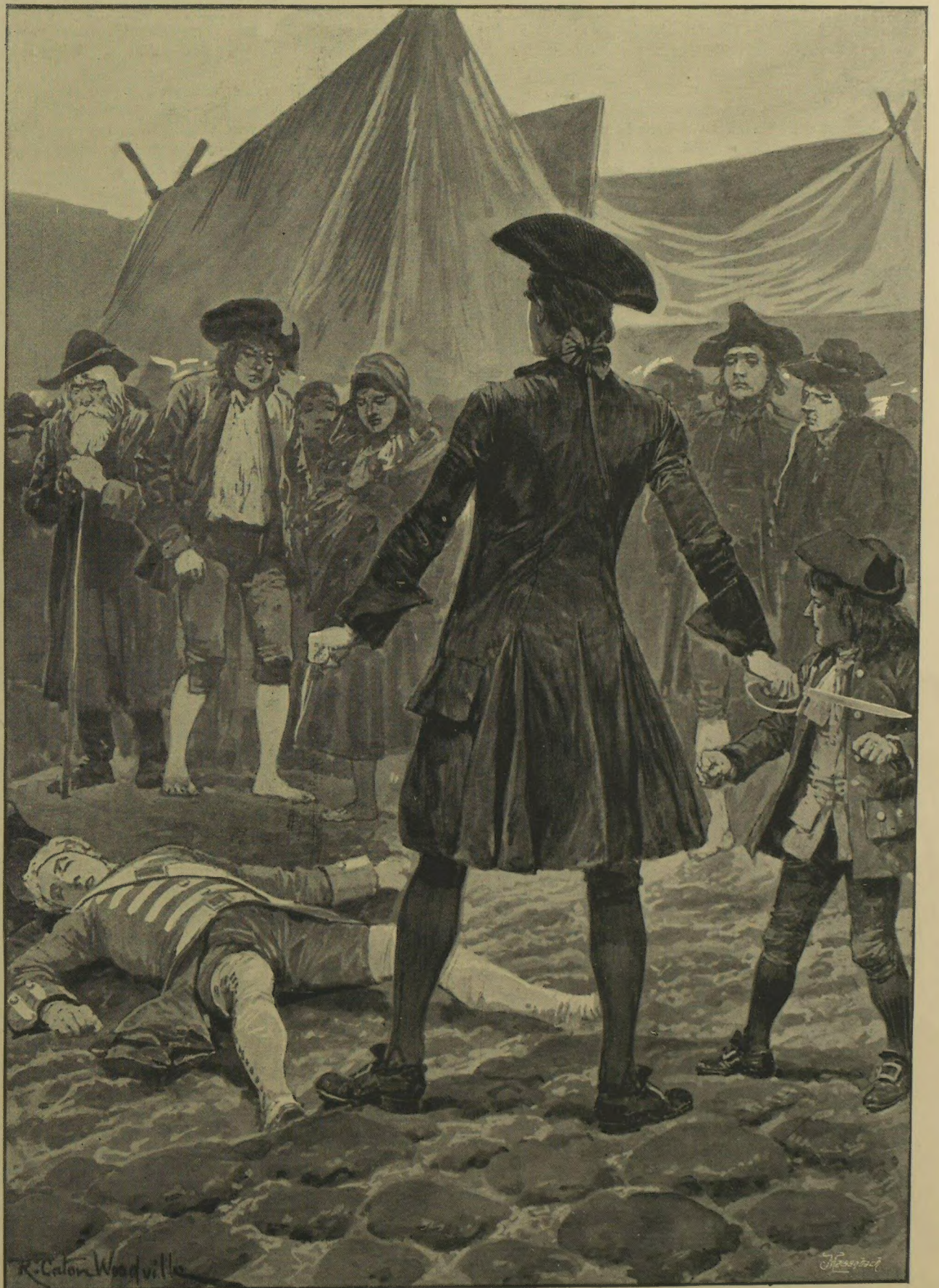
It is a remarkable thing, and I hadn't the least idea of it till I tried myself, how difficult it is to write down a perfectly plain account of anything that has happened to you, so that anyone who knows nothing about the circumstances beforehand can readily understand it. I suppose the chief difficulty is just that I know all about it *too* well myself, so that it's hard for me to take in that other people don't know it equally well, and, as a consequence, I forget to mention a number of things that a stranger must have told him if he is to understand. Before going any further therefore in my story I had better perhaps turn back a little here, and explain one or two things that may be confusing, such as how this young English officer, Captain Spencer, came to be such a friend of mine, as well as—which is really all part of the same story—how my nephew Wooden-Sword came by his queer name. For though every man, and boy too, in these parts has a nick-name, his is a very queer one, and came to him in a very queer manner, too, as you will hear.

It was three years ago, just after the peace of the year Sixty-three, when I, like so many other old soldiers, got turned adrift to live as I best could upon my small pension. I had not been home from Austria more than a month, having been delayed by one thing and another, and had only just settled with Sir Thomas about my little bit of land. So, knowing that the fair of Clonmel was coming on shortly, and being anxious to get hold of a really first-rate milker, I put off buying her till then.

Well, the day came, and I went down early in the morning to the town, and walked about it, up and down and round the fair, looking at one thing and another, more like some stranger newly arrived from foreign parts—as, in fact, I was—than one born and bred in the country. By ten o'clock I had bought my cow—or rather Danny Duck had bought her for me, making, I believe, a tidy little profit for himself over the transaction—so having nothing further to do, I just sauntered about here and there, and amused myself by looking at anything there was to see.

The whole of Clonmel was full that day of poor people, who had come to the fair from miles and miles round with their little ass-carts, bringing with them their calves or boneens, and the women their chickens or ducks, just skin and bone, for the most part, they were—I mean the animals—though in truth I might say the same of all, so that it went to my heart to look at them.

There were children there, too, by dozens, racing and tumbling all over the place, though how they got there, or how, being there, the half of them helped getting killed, God alone knows! Wooden-Sword, or little Micky, as we called him then, being a child of eight, had got leave to come in for the jaunt on Pete Malony's car along with some chickens and ducklings. Finding him playing



There he lay, flat upon his back, with his fine new uniform all bedabbled in the dirt.

about in the middle of the fair, and like to be hurt, I took him by the hand and led him out of it. Then, as he bawled loudly and fought me to go back, I stopped, and to content him I bought him a little sword at a stall, for which I paid three camack tokens, and took him and it along with me to the house of a man named Phil Connor, who keeps a small shop of crockery, and bade him sit down on the floor there and be easy. Finding that, though mightily pleased with his new sword, he was still wanting and scheming to get back to the fair, I took an old *sugaun** chair that was hard by the door, and sat down to mind him, looking out at the same time at all that was going on, which I could see quite easily over the top of the half-door, that part of it being open.

I hadn't been there I suppose more than five minutes before I perceived that the noise and bawling outside was getting louder and louder, so I looked round the corner just to see what was happening. There I saw the people all tumbling backwards one over the other, and the women clutching up their children and chickens, and pulling them out of the way. So I knew, of course, that someone out of the common must be coming by whom they were bound to make room for, and I stuck my head further round the corner, wondering who it might be.

Sure enough, I presently saw a very fine-looking young gentleman, in a brand-new suit of regimentals—those of a King's regiment which was quartered just then in Clonmel. A lad of twenty at most he was by the look of him, and was coming along for all the world as if there hadn't been another creature in the place beside himself, just swishing up and down in the air with a small *kippeen*† which he carried in his hand, and sauntering right through the middle of the fair, not that there was the slightest occasion for him to do so, for it was every bit as direct the other way, but just for the grandeur of the thing, I suppose, and the amusement of seeing the people race out of his path.

Now it happened that close beside the half-door behind which I was sitting a woman had sat herself down, with a parcel of young children about her, and she plump on the ground and suckling one of them at the time, which was a mightily bad opportunity and a bad place to do it in, sure enough, but those poor creatures never seem to get any sense.

Well, there she was, so busy, I suppose, with the child, and so moidered no doubt with the noise about her, that she knew nothing about the young officer being in the act of passing, but just sat on where she was, and the children around her like so many chickens about some old hen. Before anyone could have cried "Jack Snipe" the crowd were pushing back right across where she was, and the half of them on the very top of her, and as a natural consequence she was upset, and the baby too, and all the young children sent rolling and tumbling about the ground like so many gooseberries out of a kish.

One of them—a creature of three or four years old—fell right over against the door, whereupon I leapt up out of my chair and got hold of it by some of its rags, and lifting it clean up—it was light enough—I pulled it over the half-door into the house, and set it down beside Micky on the floor.

As for the others, I don't know where they had got to by this time, too far, anyhow, for me to see, all but one, and it had fallen on its face on the ground, and lay some ten yards away, bawling for the dear life, and small blame to it, for there were five or six big young fellows trampling about all but on top of it, and one of them with boots to his feet, and what was worse, a set of iron pavers in the soles of them, as I could plainly see.

Observing that, and observing, too, that there was only one way of hindering it from being killed clean out and out before my very eyes, I stepped over the half-door, which was only some three feet high, and went up to the young officer, and taking off my hat with all the politeness in life, I said to him very respectfully—

"Excuse me, Sir, but might I ask you to move over a little to that side? The crowd, as you see, is very great, and there's a young child on the ground just in front of you, and I'm afraid it will be killed."

At that he turned round upon me—I having come out of a small, shabby-looking little shop, and being shabby-looking enough myself in all probability—and he just looked me all over with an air, not so much offended as simply astonished, as who would say, "Can it be that anyone belonging to *this* country is so daring as to accost me, I being what I am, and he what he is?" And with that, without a single word, good or bad, he pushed on past me in the same direction in which he was going before.

Seeing this, and fearing greatly for the safety of the child, as well as being vexed too, I own, on my own account, by the insolence of his bearing—I being not long back, you see, and unused still to the style of thing—I made bold to put myself in front of him, being much the taller and bigger man of the two, crying out at the same time:

"I must beg of you, young gentleman, to have the goodness to turn a little that way. Cannot you see for yourself that you are forcing those ahead of you to injure the child?"

At that he turned sharp round, frowning and astonished—looking like a man to whom something utterly out of all reason had happened, and lifting his riding-whip over my head: "What, you rascal," cried he, "would you presume to bar my path? Get away with you this instant, you Papist dog," and with that made as though he would strike me across the face with his riding-whip.

Now, upon my life, and as I am a man of honour, I have never—although an Irishman—been reckoned a particularly hot-tempered man; indeed, had I been, I don't suppose I should ever have ventured to return home, knowing pretty well how things were likely to be at the best. Still, after having commanded a regiment of my own through three campaigns, and having received the Order of the Maria Theresa from her Imperial Majesty's own hand, not to speak of having fought in more battles than I have toes to my feet, I did not expect—although a Papist—to be ever caned in the open streets by a young officer of twenty!

Like any other man in the world in the like predicament, I clapped my hand instantly to my side, and then, like a flash, it came over me that of course there was nothing there. For ever since I have been back in Ireland I have been obliged to leave my sword at home whenever I walk abroad, lest one of the informers—who make a trade of such work—should spy it out, and report against me to the Government as a Papist, wearing a sword without a license, which license since my return I have been sedulously endeavouring to obtain, but so far, unfortunately, without success.

Well, there I stood like a fool, or rather, like a man disgraced—one who lets himself be struck in the public street, and hasn't the spirit or the manliness to resent it. I hadn't even a stick in my hand, though, if I had had one, to fight with a stick in the street like a common man is not a thing that any gentleman could easily bring his mind to do.

Yes, there I stood, as any officer or gentleman in the world will understand, wishing myself dead; wishing that the earth would just open then and there and swallow me up, when all at once I heard a great crying out behind me, and a mighty loud kicking and a thumping against the half-door, and before I knew what was happening, out of the house bolts little Micky, and into the street and up to me, with the wooden sword I had given him half-an-hour before in his hand, holding it out and shouting at the top of his voice, "Kill him, Uncle Mangan! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him quick!" and so saying he thrusts his little wooden sword right into my hand.

Now, Micky's sword was about a foot long, and was nothing more than a lath, that had been shaped to look like a sword, with a bit of red tinselly stuff tied round the handle of it, to make it seem fine. At the moment, however, what with my anger and what with the hurry of the thing, I never stopped to think of this, but catching hold of it out of the child's hand, I ran straight in upon the young cornet with it in my own, and pointing it at his breast, desired him in a loud angry voice to draw his own sword at once, and to meet me then and there like a gentleman.

Now, it doesn't need any telling that Micky's sword would have broken into little bits in an instant if he had done so, or, indeed, if it had been struck by a sound stick, not to speak of a sword. But as good luck would have it, my young gentleman—who, not to make myself out a greater hero than I was, was a lanky, ill-grown lad, hardly come to his full strength—was so taken aback by my attack, as well as daunted perhaps by the angry voice with which I bade him draw, that he stepped precipitately backwards a pace or two, and, if he did, he stepped into a part of the roadway which was full of deep holes, many of them a foot deep or more. Further than this something or maybe someone must have tripped him up as he did so, the consequence of which was that he stumbled, and before he had time to right himself again, he fell right over into the gutter, which was all swimming in soft mud, and there he lay, flat upon his back, with his fine new uniform all bedabbled in the dirt.

Well, I waited where I was a little while, expecting to see him get up again. But he must have hit his head against a stone as he fell, for he lay there quite quietly, only kicked about a little with one of his feet. Seeing therefore that there were plenty of people about to help him to his legs, and to clean his coat for him whenever he did get up, I just walked away across the fair, carrying Micky's little wooden sword in my hand as if it had been a king's state blade at the least, and my face as red, I'll be bound, as a turkey-cock's, what with the rage I had been in and with my satisfaction at having got the better, after all, of the young gentleman.

Then all the poor men in the fair—so cowed and timid-like as they for the most part are—came crowding about me, crying out, "God bless your honour!" "More power to your honour!" "Long life to the O'Driscolls!" "Hurrah for the real old fighting stock!" and a lot more talk of the kind. There was such a buzzing and such a rumpus in the place, you'd have thought the Lord Lieutenant was coming by at the least. As for "Wooden-Sword"—so he was called from that very moment—he became quite the little king and the white-headed child of the whole town, and was carried about in

the men's arms, who fought for him with one another, and got him sugar-sticks and gingerbread from the stalls; the poor women, too, cramming his mouth with all sorts of food—whenever they got it, the creatures—so that my only wonder was he didn't burst that same night with all he had both to eat and to drink.

Of course, when the young cornet got back to his barracks all covered over with mud, and told how that he had been knocked down and insulted in the streets by a Papist, there was the devil's own pow-wow! It got to the ears of the common soldiers, and the whole barracks was in an uproar. Right or wrong, they wanted to go down into the streets and kill the entire town right out, men, women, and children, because of the offence that had been done to the young cornet. I don't believe it was that they were so particularly fond of him for his own sake, so much as that they held it to be their right to do so, as, indeed, had been done by another regiment not long before at Waterford, and a power of people killed and hurt, as everybody knows.

By good fortune, Colonel Maclean, though he is a hard little man, and one that hates Ireland like poison, as most of those Scotchmen seem to do, had some sense in his head, and he forbade his men strictly to leave the barracks that day upon any pretence or provocation whatsoever. Then having inquired, and found out that I was for a certainty a Papist, and that therefore no officer of his could demean himself by fighting me, he decided that the only thing to do was to have me arrested for carrying arms, that being contrary to the law. Now by this time there had come running up to the barracks one of those blackguards who make a trade of spying and informing, or, more likely I should say, a dozen of them, for they swarm like vermin wherever there's a dirty job to be done. And this man telling the Colonel that he knew who I was, and where I was to be found, the Colonel sent him after me with a sergeant and two file of soldiers, and for fear of any quiet little murdering being done on the way, he desired Captain Spencer to go also, and if I had got away, he was to follow me up, he said, wherever I had gone to, and was to serve a notice on me, and to take away my weapon.

Guessing pretty well that some such work would be following next, I had not left Clonmel at all, but had gone back to Phil Connor's house, and had sat down there again very quietly in my old friend the *sugaun* chair, keeping Micky's wooden sword beside me, though he bawled loudly for me to let him carry it home, but I told him to be easy, and that he should have it again by-and-by, but that I wanted it myself for the present, and very lucky that I did, too, as you will hear.

Up comes the informer—a foul-tongued fellow named Doherty, Dirty Doherty, as they called him in the town, a noted perjurer, and one of those, I believe, that had to do with the late Father Sheehy's affair—and close after him followed Captain Spencer, and into the house came the two of them, without any "By your leave!" or "With your leave!" or a thing, leaving the sergeant and the rest of the soldiers to mind the door.

Dirty Doherty comes up to me, and begins giving me every sort of abuse, with all the foul words he could lay his tongue to, calling me Tory, and Rapparee, and Papist—he being himself a Papist, mind you, not that it matters one baubeen what such as he calls himself—telling me that I should go to jail for striking an English officer, with a lot more talk of the same sort, and ordering me at the same time to give up my weapon.

I sat very quietly just where I was, not so much as looking at him, or taking any notice any more than if he hadn't been in existence. Then when he had quite finished all he had to say I got up, and, still not taking any notice of him, I turned to Captain Spencer, who was standing by, looking rather uncomfortable, he being newly from England, and not used, I suppose, to such doings.

"Sir," said I, very respectfully, but at the same time looking at him quite determinately, "I don't think, Sir, that I can be reasonably expected to reply to this man, he being, as everyone knows, a common informer, which is not an honourable employment nor yet a decent one, even in Ireland. To you, however, as a gentleman and an officer, I am quite willing to surrender my weapon, which I fully admit that I have no right to wear, or to wound anyone with, I being a Papist, and having as yet obtained no license."

With that I went over to the ledge where I had laid it, and took up Micky's little wooden sword—the gilt paper that decorated it, by the way, was by this time nearly off, so that it hung down like a wisp—and coming back to where the two were standing, I handed it with a very grand bow to the Captain.

I do not think that I have ever in my life seen a man look so mortified! He had got the thing into his hand before he clearly knew what it was, and there it lay, a little fourpenny child's sword, such as you could hardly have wounded a fly with, let alone a full-grown man. Being, as I have told you, of a very fair complexion, he showed his mortification plainly by becoming exactly the colour of a new-born baby, and without a single word he turned on his heels, and walked quickly out of the house and up the street, still holding Micky's wooden sword in his hand, and so back with him to the barracks as hard as ever he could go.

* Straw. † Switch.

CHAPTER III.

That, I think, was all that happened at the time in Clonmel, but the really extraordinary part of the story has still to be told. What took place in the barracks I can't, of course, say, not having been there; but I suppose the Captain gave rather a different version of the whole affair from what the cornet had done. Anyway, I heard no more about it, and after waiting some time longer, and finding that nobody came near me, I just walked quietly back to my own little house on the mountain, first stopping on the way at the same stall as before, and getting Micky another sword to content him.

By strict rights I might have been just as much fined, I suppose, or sent to jail for having a wooden sword in my possession as for having any other sort of sword, but perhaps Colonel Maclean and the other officers didn't think it would have been to the credit of the regiment if the matter had become public, and that people might even have laughed a bit if it came to be known that one of them had been defeated by a man who had nothing better to fight with than a wooden sword. No doubt, if I had really knocked down or hurt the young cornet it would have been a different matter, but there were, fortunately, plenty of people to swear that I had never, as it happened, touched him at all—indeed, I believe he admitted as much himself, upon being further examined, and owned that he had fallen down quite by accident, having first offered to strike me across the face with his riding-whip.

Well, there it was, and for my own part I thought the whole thing was over and done with, and if they were satisfied so was I, and neither wished nor expected to hear anything further about it. But now comes in the really extraordinary part of the story, a part so extraordinary that if it hadn't happened to myself I should never have believed in it, nor have expected anyone else to do so either.

Three days afterwards I was standing at the top of my little bit of ground close to the wall, when I heard a strange step upon the other side of it, and looking up saw a gentleman not in uniform, but in plain-coloured clothes, coming through the heather; and, looking closer at him, wondering who it could be, for so few ever come this way, I saw to my surprise that it was no other than Captain Spencer!

He was looking about him when I first caught sight of him, as if he wasn't sure if he had come

to the right place, but as soon as he saw me he came straight in at the gate and over to where I was standing, looking nearly as flushed as on the day that I gave him back Micky's sword, but with a very generous look on his face too, and stopping short within a yard of me he made me a low bow.

"Excuse this intrusion, Colonel Driscoll," said he, very punctiliously; "I am sure you must be greatly surprised to see me, but the fact is, I have never had a moment's easiness since our interview of last Wednesday. Believe me, Sir, I was quite unaware at the time of your having commanded a regiment in her Imperial Majesty's service during the late war, still less was I aware that Cornet Bullock—to his great discredit, I must say—had offered to strike you across the face with his riding-whip. Had I known either of those facts, my behaviour on that occasion would have been quite different, and so I beg of you now to believe."

Well, I was so taken aback and struck dumb with astonishment that, upon my word, I wasn't able to speak,

but just stood there staring at him like a fool, with my weeding-spud in my hand. Apparently the Captain imagined from this that I wasn't even then satisfied, for, looking not a little mortified, he added, with another bow—

"If, in place of accepting my excuses you would prefer that I should offer you the usual satisfaction between gentlemen, please understand, Colonel Driscoll, that I am quite at your service, and am ready to meet you at any time and place, or with any weapon that you yourself may choose to appoint."

Now, if I was astonished before, you will readily understand that I was ten times more astonished now, for though I had been some time out of Ireland, I hadn't been

sense of honour is as sensitive as yours, cannot care greatly about any praise from others. At the same time you will perhaps allow me, as a man old enough to be your father, and who has witnessed as many acts of courage as most soldiers, to say that in the whole course of my life I never remember any action that required a greater amount of courage than the one you have just performed. Will you allow me, young gentleman, to have the honour of shaking you by the hand?"

With that we shook hands very heartily, being both of us not a little moved, and I, though the older man and the one that ought therefore, I suppose, to be the most hardened, not the least I believe of the two.

Captain Spencer did not remain long with me on this occasion, both of us feeling, perhaps, that it was best for us to say no more about the matter just then; but a few days afterwards we met again as he was shooting over some of Sir Thomas Carew's land, and, having fallen into talk, I asked him if he would do me the honour some day of looking in and paying me another visit if he happened to be passing near my little house.

Since that time he has come often, and though, of course, we never know one another or speak to one another if we meet in Clonmel or any other public place, it would be hard to find two men who are better friends, the difference of our ages and every other consideration taken into account. This friendship of ours comes, no doubt, partly from my having been his *Vertraute*, as the Germans say, from the beginning about his love affair with Miss Alicia Carew; indeed, it was only about a week after our own business that he saw her himself for the first time, and since then hardly a day has passed without his coming to talk the matter over with me, and to tell me how it was getting on.

Like every other love affair that ever I heard of money seems to be the chief difficulty, the Captain being only a second son, though of as good a family as any in England, and is never likely therefore, in the ordinary course of things, to be a rich man. This oughtn't to matter, one would think, here, seeing that Sir Thomas Carew is himself so rich. Unfortunately, as I have said before, his notions about his daughters—especially about Miss Alicia, whom he counts as his heiress—are utterly out of all reason, so that I doubt if he'd think it anything out of the way if one of the Emperor's sons, or a son of the Czar of all the Russias, were

to want to make her his bride. Now, Miss Alicia is as nice a young lady as any that breathes, and pretty, and modest, and sweet-spoken too, and I'd be the last man in Ireland to belittle her. Still, reason is reason, and, though he has been a good friend to me and mine, I must say that Sir Thomas puts me often utterly out of all patience with his notions, especially with that eternal talk of his about Mangan Castle here, and Mangan Castle there, remembering—as I can't but remember—how his grandfather got it, and my grandfather, Sir Pierce Mangan, lost it, it having been taken away from him by the Government, in spite of all their promises to the contrary. But there! I don't mean to begin about all those old matters, which is a bad habit, and one that I have long made up my mind not to give way to! People who are for ever recurring to the wrongs they have suffered in the past never in my experience do any good in the present, but are a nuisance to themselves and to everyone else, for what can be more tiresome than to have to listen to what's over and done with, and never can be



Dirty Doherty comes up to me, and begins giving me every sort of abuse, with all the foul words he could lay his tongue to.

so long away as not to know that an English officer who proposed to fight a duel with a Papist would do so at the risk of his whole career, and would be liable to be not only turned out of his regiment, but out of the Army itself, and out of every club and assemblage of gentlemen in the entire kingdom, if it came to be known. Such a thing was never heard of, and that it should have been proposed to me by a young man whom I had put such an affront upon as to offer him Micky's wooden sword, and make a laughing-stock of him through the whole town, was something I would never have believed if anyone had sworn it to me on the Gospels.

"Sir," said I, when I had sufficiently got over my surprise to be able to speak, "all I can say is, you have done me an honour which I certainly never looked to receive at the hands of one of King George's officers. Believe me, Sir, I am deeply touched and gratified by your kindness and generosity, so much so that I find it very difficult to express myself properly in the matter. A young man who can act as you have done, and whose

set right in this world, nor any other either. To go back, therefore, to Captain Spencer and his love affairs. I always told him, when we talked the matter over, which was nearly every day, that he mustn't despair, for that things generally mend when they seem to be at the very worst. All the same, at the time I am speaking of his affairs, I must admit, did seem to be in a *very* bad way, Sir Thomas having strictly forbidden him the house, and, having threatened, moreover, to lock Miss Alicia up in her own bed-room if he heard any more of the matter.

That I don't believe he really meant, for, say what

a pretty young couple, that might be as happy together as two turtle-doves in a tree just baulked and thwarted and kept apart, and that for no reason in the earthly world, but some misbegotten notion about grandeur, or, worse still, about money—as if money was of any use on this earth except so far as it could help to make people happier. In any case, I've always told Sir Thomas straight out from the beginning whose side I was on in the affair; moreover he knows himself how fond I am of Miss Alicia—indeed of both the young ladies in their different ways—as well as that Captain Spencer has always been a friend of

their roots in the air and their stalks down below, unless I'm by to stop him. Maybe by the time I have come back I shall have got my ideas righted, and shall be able to describe what happened next, in such a fashion and sufficiently clearly that anyone who hears it all for the first time may be able to understand it without any great difficulty.

(To be continued.)

Sir Edward Grey, released from his official duties at the Foreign Office, again won the Marylebone silver



ELECTION NEWS.

By F. Freund.

you will, he never was a hard man, nor an unkind father; on the contrary, only too easy in many ways and too indulgent, else he would never have allowed that little imp of mischief, Miss Abby, to get so completely out of hands, and to rule over him and her sister, and the whole of us, the way she does. It was just his obstinacy, he having passed his word, that and his pride, and those notions he has taken up as to his own grandeur, which makes him think that no young man that ever wore small-clothes was either grand enough, or good enough, to be *his* son-in-law.

Now, that I am one atom softer hearted or tenderer hearted than another man I defy any person to prove. At the same time I must say it *does* go against me when I see

mine, therefore, if he ever comes to know the part I took in the affair of the 23rd of June last, I don't see how he can reasonably pretend to be much surprised. At the same time I'm far from saying that I think that affair redounded greatly to the credit of any of us, including even myself, though my share of it was more of a passive than an active one.

However, there I am again falling into the wrong way of telling my story, which is once more getting to look all topsy-turvy, with the end first and the beginning afterwards! I think, therefore, I had better leave off for the present, and go and see what Danny Duck is doing, who has fine topsy-turvy notions of his own too, being exceedingly apt to set his unfortunate cabbages with

racquet, and now holds the Queen's Club amateur championship. Sir Edward was opposed by Mr. H. E. Crawley, who, though he was in better form than at the last contest, was beaten brilliantly by his old rival. The game lasted two and a half hours, and was very interesting to watch.

A telegram received at the India Office from the Governor of Bombay states that a riot has taken place at Porbandar, Kathiawar, between Hindus and Mohammedans. Three men were killed and 184 injured, including twelve seriously. The Governor has sent military aid to the local authorities, but does not anticipate grave trouble.



THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

THE FUTURE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Charles Louis, who arrived in England on July 2, on a private visit, is an interesting personage, quite irrespective of his position as heir to the Austrian throne. And his wife, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who accompanies him, is one of the cleverest women in Europe. She is beautiful, too, bright and witty, and young enough to be her husband's daughter. It is an open secret that if it had not been for her the Archduke, when the Crown Prince Rudolph died, would have yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him and renounced his claim to the succession in favour of his son by his first wife. The Archduchess, however, who is a daughter of Don Miguel, the Portuguese pretender, and has inherited a fair share of her father's ambition, objected strongly to giving up her chance of being Empress. She therefore promptly set to work to convince her husband, over whom she has great influence, that it would be an act of cowardice unworthy of a Hapsburg for him to shirk the responsibilities of his position. She carried the day, for no doubt is now entertained but that, should the Archduke survive his brother, he will reign in his stead.

Both the Archduke and the Archduchess are exceedingly popular in Vienna, more so than any other member of the imperial family, excepting the Emperor. This is the result in some degree at least, of their splendid hospitality and their charity, which knows neither bound nor limit. For years past their palace has quite taken the place of the Hofburg as the social centre of the capital, and whenever strangers of distinction visit Vienna, it is there they are entertained. Then the Archduke, who is an indefatigable worker, is at the head of half the philanthropic undertakings in the empire. He is keenly interested in technical education, and has done more to promote it in Austria than any other living man. He is, too, the warm friend and generous patron of that large class—struggling artists of all kinds—who have more brains than money. He is always on the alert, in fact, to do a good turn to anyone, providing he be not a politician. From politicians, however, Reichsrath members and such-like

folk, the Archduke holds himself resolutely aloof; they are a race for whom he has a profound aversion.

The Archduchess is, in her way, as busy as her husband; for not only has she her own work to do, but that of the Empress, whom she represents upon all State occasions. She has gathered around her a Court of her own, and a brilliant one too; for she delights in shows and spectacles. It was her love of splendour that first won for her the

of Canterbury's Patronage Bill should be passed as soon as possible, but deprecates too great haste in reforming such abuses as the sale of livings, the difficulty of removing incompetent clergy, and the defective participation of the laity in the management of Church matters. Those who would precipitate constitutional changes in order to avert Disestablishment are reminded that the discontent of any large and powerful section of the Church would be far more likely to produce Disestablishment than would the continuance of these abuses.

There is still much talk about Lord Halifax's visit to Rome. It is claimed for Lord Halifax that he has made it evident that the Church of England has a well-wisher in the Pope himself. The *Guardian* says that after all is said that can be said about the differences between Anglicans and Romans, a vast field of agreement remains. Every word and symbol of the three creeds is common ground to both Churches; every doctrine embodied in these majestic symbols is held by both with equal completeness and with equal conviction. "Is there not here matter enough to make it needful for us to put aside controversy where to do so is possible?" It must not be supposed, however, that this represents anything like a unanimous opinion.

It is possible that Dean Ireland's Professorship of the Exegesis of Holy Scripture at Oxford may be

united with the Oriel Professorship of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture. If not, it is likely to be conferred on the Rev. Walter Lock, B.A., of Keble College, who is known as the author of the pleasant biography of John Keble.

High Churchmen are offended by Mr. Arthur C. Benson's recent article on "The Poetry of Keble" in the *Contemporary Review*. I am not sure, however, whether Mr. Benson's estimate is not fundamentally that of George MacDonald in his "England's Antiphon," a judgment, by-the-way, endorsed by that competent critic the Rev. H. C. Beeching in his recent "Anthology of Sacred Lyrics."

Mr. Alderman Phillips is spending the days of the General Election in Wales helping Church candidates during their fight.

The Archdeacon of Ripon has been appointed Master of the Hospitals of St. Mary Magdalene and St. John the Baptist, Ripon, in succession to the late Dean of Ripon. The patron is the Archbishop of York. V.



THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES LUDWIG OF AUSTRIA.



THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA.

From Photographs by Adèle, Vienna.

hearts of the Viennese, who by no means approve of the simple tastes and plain black gowns of the Empress Elisabeth. Maria Theresa is in their eyes a perfect model of what an Empress should be—the life and soul of the Court and the best-dressed woman in Europe.

In Hungary the feeling with regard to the Archducal pair is very different from what it is in Austria. In Budapest especially, they are decidedly unpopular. The enthusiastic reception given a few months ago to the Archduchess Valerie, the Emperor's youngest daughter, was practically a demonstration against the Archduke, whom the Magyars suspected of trying to induce the Emperor to refuse to sign the Civil Marriage Bill. Some of the leading journals went so far as to allude openly to a project which, as they stated, was on foot to secure the dual crown for the Princess in case of her father's death. The dislike of the Magyars for their future sovereign is, it must be confessed, not altogether without reason; for he never attempts to conceal the fact that he has no sympathy whatever with them or their aspirations. It would be strange, indeed, if he had, considering the education he received. His father, the Archduke Francis Charles, who was in character more like a mediæval monk than a nineteenth century prince, brought him up in the strictest Hapsburg traditions, and taught him to look with dread upon everything that tends to progress. Constitutionalism was held up before him as the abomination of abominations, and he was called upon to mourn over his brother as a lost sheep because he had consented to reign as a constitutional sovereign. The Archduke is a *dévo*t, too, by nature—a crime in the eyes of the Magyars—and he has passed all his days surrounded by Jesuits. At one time he held several important offices—that of Viceroy of Tyrol among others—but he resigned them all when the '61 Constitution was granted. He did not choose to remain in the service of a State which, as he held, was courting disaster by adopting new-fangled ways. Since then he has shown little interest in public affairs.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The appeal for a fund of £20,000, with which to resist the movement for Disestablishment in Wales, is renewed by the Church Defence Institution. £6750 has been subscribed, leaving £13,250 still to raise. A few contributions are reported in memory of the Earl of Selborne. Lady Gwendolen Cecil subscribes £19 10s., and Lady Florence Cecil £10; Mr. Alfred Austin subscribes £5. The wives of leading clergymen figure prominently in the list.

Many will hear with pleasure that a movement is going on for the recognition of Archdeacon Denison's fifty years' service in East Brent. Men of all schools honour this gallant fighter, and the churchwardens of East Brent are right in thinking that many outside of their parish will be glad of the opportunity of subscribing to such a memorial.

A pulpit in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral is to be erected in memory of the late Dean Payne-Smith, and a stained-glass window is to be placed in Lichfield Cathedral to the memory of Canon Curteis. Several strangers have expressed their wish to contribute in acknowledgment of the great benefit which they have derived from Canon Curteis's Bampton Lectures.

The *Guardian* anticipates five years during which the Church both in England and Wales will be left untroubled by schemes of Disestablishment, and urges that they should be used for Church reform. It suggests that the Archbishop



SCOTCH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

A Scottish amateur golf championship has recently been instituted by the proprietors of the Dundee Evening Telegraph. A cup is to be annually given for competition. This trophy is a massive richly chased silver cup with cover, standing on an ebonised plinth, and was designed and manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ladgate Hill and Old Bond Street. On the summit of the cover is a statuette representing Mr. John Ball, jun., in the act of driving, while round the vase are medallions and panels which represent persons and incidents connected with golfing. There are oval medallions with bas-relief portraits of Tom Morris and W. Auchterlonie; on the reverse panel the officers of the Dundee Evening Telegraph figure in bas-relief. The first tournament will take place at Carnoustie on July 25 and the two following days. The winner of the cup will receive a gold medal, and the runner-up a silver medal, both of which have also been designed by Mr. Benson.



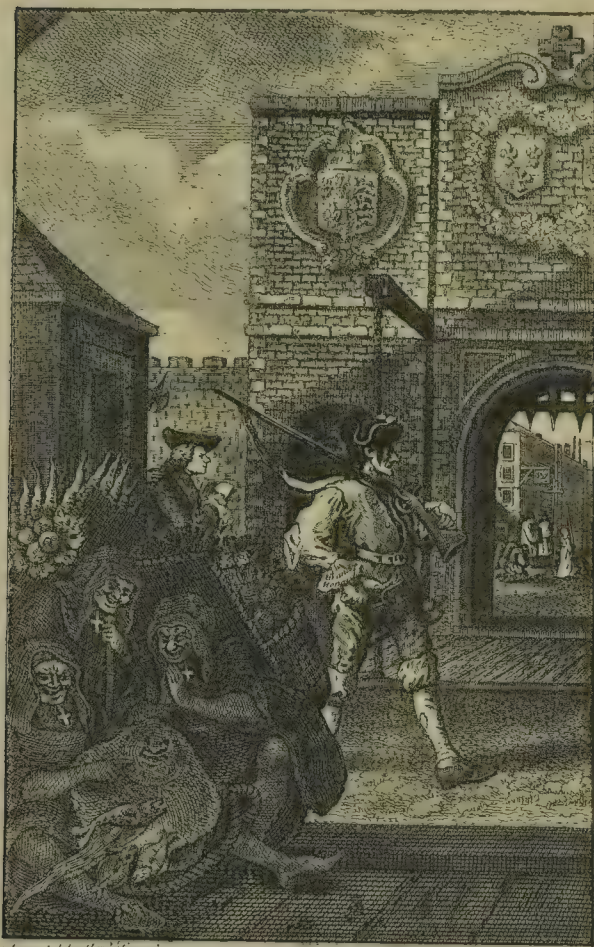
THE HENLEY PAIR-OAR RACE CUP.

This trophy is presented by Mr. Tom Nickalls. It is a handsome solid silver tankard of ancient Norwegian pattern. The body is decorated in relief with models of swans, bullrushes, and water-lilies. The thumb-piece is a finely modelled lion rampant holding a shield bearing the Henley arms. "Father Thames" is represented at the head of the handle and "Isis" at the bottom. The lid is chased in bold relief with aquatic plants, the crest of the donor being in the centre. The tankard stands upon a massive ebonised pedestal, bearing silver plates engraved with the names of winners of the race since 1845. It bears this inscription: "The race for pair-oars was instituted in the year 1845, the prizes being models in silver of racing-wherries. Since the year 1849 the prizes have been silver goblets. In the year 1895 Tom Nickalls, in commemoration of his sons having won this race, either with others or together, for five consecutive years, presented this challenge cup to Henley Royal Regatta." The cup is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

COMMENTATORS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"I met a traveller from a" modern "land" who assured me that we do not lecture nearly enough on modern English literature. The Germans lecture on Goethe incessantly, but nobody at Oxford lectures on Byron. Now, why should we "teach" modern English literature? This kind of instruction is copiously provided in America, as in Germany, to what end? Assuredly the men who produced great literature were not lectured to about it, and assuredly the people who are now lectured to do not



CALAIS GATE.—BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Recently Presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Westminster.

produce great literature. Byron would have "cut" lecturers; Scott, at any age, would have known more than his professors. None of the world's great writers went through "courses" of literature. There seems to be no use in these. Here are books in familiar languages: these books the right people read "for human pleasure," and the wrong people leave them alone, or should leave them. If a student wants information about Shakspeare, Tennyson, Shelley, there are plenty of books from which he can get all that he needs. If "teaching" consists in tracing the development of a poet, the changes of his methods and moods, there may be a kind of curious interest in that study, but it is unessential. "The play's the thing," or the poem: the age and possible mood of the poet are not the thing. They are little better than gossip. You could enjoy "Kubla Khan" without having heard of the "person from Porlock," but I suppose the person from Porlock is important to a lecturer on literature. Yet Oxford is denounced for not teaching modern literature, as if it could be "taught."

To aid an impenitent sinner against the teaching of literature comes Mr. Horace Howard Furness's edition of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Lippincott). Nobody who has read it needs a lecturer. What Mr. Furness does not know is not knowledge. He has humour, sympathy; he is steeped in Shakspeare, and the question arises why does he "comment on him"? Mr. Furness appears to abound in my sense, to despise the peddling ways of German or English microscopists, their groundless conjectures, their endless futilities. He laughs at them on many a page, yet he repeats their sage observations, better left in German. These things are all unessential. I shall never enjoy the "Midsummer Night's Dream" so much as I did when about five years old, when one perused no notes, but could visit fairyland.

The commentators appear to be at the opposite pole from poetry. Why did Shakspeare call a play of the eve of May Day "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? Why, indeed, and what does it matter? The Germans think it matters hugely. "Against Shakspeare's wand they are magic-proof," says Mr. Furness. Yet he tells us of Eschenburg, Voss, Schlegel, Tieck, Bodenstedt, Schmidt, Rapp, Wieland, Simrock, and all the crew. They rush into mythology; they are learned about stuff which finds its real place in Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough" or in Mannhardt, not in Shakspeare. And Mr. Furness only mentions all this to condemn it: but it were so easy not to mention it at all! Yet I presume that to wallow in these unessentials is part of the teaching of English literature.

As to "date of composition," Mr. Furness has the same lordly lack of interest. The topic is to him "jejune";

but he "fulfils all righteousness," and gives what is known, and that abundance which is not known. He advises the disputants about dates to go into a retreat, and ask themselves, "What is the chief end of man in reading Shakspeare?" Why, as the Shorter Catechism says, "To enjoy him for ever." And how much more shall one enjoy him after trying to find out a year in which new moon fell on May Day? As to fresh emendations, Mr. Furness is as contemptuous. "Those who know the most venture the least." But when Mr. Furness writes about the *insanabile cacothetis emendi*, surely that phrase means "the incurable rage for shopping," not for emending. If he means the rage for emending, it should be *cacothetis emendandi*.

As to fairies, I cannot but note that some Devonshire pixies were more like Shakspeare's own fairies, delicate and poetical, than Mr. Furness believes. But here we stray into folk-lore and our private pedantries. I consider, however, that our "hempen homespuns" had fancies quaint and fine as well as jocular. Then the "Time Analysis"! How many days and nights pass in the play? Why, time here does not exist, any more than in any other dream. Mr. Furness knows it, of course; but Duty bids him waste time and ink over matters that never vexed the soul of Shakspeare. This is part of the teaching of English literature! Then the notes, the endless notes, all owing to stern Duty, for we can enjoy the play better without discussing the exact sense of "faint primrose beds." "Grow on to a point," says Bottom. Can anything be less in need of explanation! Yet there are twenty lines of note. Why quote Bailey's "sucking doe" for "sucking dove"? As Mr. Furness says, "Had Bailey no judicious friend?" And did Bailey never hear of pigeon's milk? Duty makes it necessary to omit no absurdity of a commentator, and most commentators are absurd. For "and tailour cries," Perring would read "traitor." Perring should have been impaled, but why preserve his monstrous aberration? If, for my sins, I had edited the play, my nature would have forced me to state that the devil played the same trick on St. Colette as Puck played on "the oldest aunt." This would have had nothing to do with Shakspeare, and, indeed, we don't know why the oldest aunt cried "Tailour!"

One long note is an example of what Mr. Furness calls "filling our books with what we do not know." The "little western flower" has a note of fifteen pages, yet Mr. Furness's natural man clearly despises the chase after allegorical interpretations. "Let an allegory once be scented, and the divagations are endless." Mary Stuart must be the Mermaid, and the Dolphin is the Dauphin, and her first husband Francis II. had been Dauphin, and the Kenilworth festivities are alluded to, feasts of twenty years ago, and so forth. Shakspeare no more thought of Queen Mary than of Hecuba, and it is very hard on Mr. Furness to be obliged to tackle all these dreams of pedants. He tackles them deftly, and (considering their number) succinctly. But there is a higher wisdom, to leave them alone: alas! we have not yet reached that skill. People who teach English literature discuss these *nugæ*, no doubt, and probably questions are set on them in examinations. Such dissertations add nothing to human pleasure, and do not assist us to glorify Shakspeare and enjoy him. Nobody sees this more clearly than Mr. Furness, who doubtless prefers a plain text for his own reading. When we come to literary criticism, we find that Mr. Swinburne frankly abandons it as impossible. "What need can there be for anyone to shame himself by the helpless attempt to say some word not utterly unworthy?"

Assuredly Mr. Furness's edition is a masterpiece in its kind: if you want to know what has been said, of wise or of foolish, here it is, and the work need never be done again. But people will go on writing more commentaries with no new material, and I argue that to follow in their tracks is not to teach English literature. Take care of the text, and let the comment take care of itself.

The great Liberal demonstration in the Albert Hall on July 5 proved how difficult it is to speak with effect in so vast a place. Lord Rosebery managed generally to make himself audible, but the echo constantly gave a curious sequel to his sentences. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke with obvious effort, but was well heard. The most successful orator, from the point of understanding the acoustics of the hall, was Mr. James Stuart, who stood just where Madame Patti likes to be when she is singing. Mr. Asquith's voice rang clearly through the hall, but the echo played tricks whenever he raised it to declamation.

The ancient collegiate church of St. Saviour, Southwark, has an undisputed claim on the sympathies of London churchmen, and it is to be hoped that a liberal response will be accorded to the appeal just issued for funds to complete its restoration. About £8000 is required at once to restore the choir and tower. The nave has been rebuilt, every fragment of the old structure having been included with affectionate care. The north transept has likewise been restored, and new warming apparatus provided with the funds already subscribed. The work in connection with the Ladye Chapel and south transept are now in progress. The treasurer is Sir Frederick Wigan.

HOGARTH'S GATE AT CALAIS.

The old Calais used to be a goodly and not unpicturesque specimen of the old fortified town. Coming from the Port and the "up-all-night" station, after landing you would cross the ditch, "rumbling" over an ancient drawbridge, entering through the old gateway—Hogarth's Gate as it is known in England; thence through a dark narrow street for a short distance until you emerged on the spacious animated "Place" with its Town Hall and venerable "Tower of the Watch." The steeple of the Town Hall is an elegant work. Indeed, a day might be spent at Calais with enjoyment—under intelligent guidance.

This Hogarth's Gate has just been levelled, so the pleasant sensation of entering the town through a gatehouse is abolished. The legend is cherished—though it is wholly unknown to the French—how the painter went over to pass a holiday, and, full of British pride, comported himself in the usual tourist, and perhaps arrogant, fashion. He was sketching, as was natural with an artist, when he was arrested and dealt with rather roughly. He revenged himself by the famous picture of "Calais Gate," well known by the engravings, in which typical French figures, uncomplimentary in character, are introduced. It is a fine, brilliant piece of work, notably the painting of the gate. By a curious coincidence, just as we learn that the gate has been levelled, the picture has been presented by the Duke of Westminster to the National Gallery. It had been bought originally by Johnson's Lord Charlemont, who was a patron of Hogarth's. I remember seeing it in the late Earl's collection, at whose sale in 1874 it was sold to Mr. Bolekew for £945, from whom it passed to the Duke of Westminster in 1891, for £2572, supposed to be the largest sum given for a Hogarth. It was painted so far back as 1749. The artist gives a sketch of himself at work in the corner, while a half-starved soldier promenades it up and down in front. There is a glimpse of the town seen through the gate, with processions, etc., while coarse fishwomen are busy with their dog-fish. Hogarth went to the Silver Lion inn, whose sign he displays in the distance, using some license, as it is too far off to be seen from outside the gate. This Silver Lion is still to be found in the Rue Amiral Courbet, Dessin having removed there when his famous old hostelry was pulled down. We ourselves put up there not long since, and found it a curious old-world place enough.

The gate—or gatehouse, rather—in its last stage was scarcely recognisable, it had been so altered and patched. In Hogarth's time it was rather richly decorated with arms, scutcheons, and the like, and he took good care to make very prominent the English coat-of-arms, which, I believe, remained until the Revolution, if not later. But the square patch left after the erasure was visible to the last. France is the land of such erasures, and everything is being constantly scratched out and something substituted. We must, however, lament the loss of this old relic. I trust that the old Hôtel de Guise, where Henry VIII. put up for the festival of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, will be spared. It is now a common lodging house, yet the



"HOGARTH'S GATE," CALAIS, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

English architecture is conspicuous enough. The Citadel is a curious and handsome piece of work, and dates from Richelieu's time. Not so many years ago Calais had its high walls and three gates, one, the Richelieu Gate, of a fine monumental sort. Now they have all been swept away.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

The Varsity cricket match at Lord's on July 4, 5, and 6 attracted the usual brilliant crowd, and resulted in a victory for Cambridge by 134 runs. The success of young Mr. Grace was noticeable.



STATE RECEPTION OF THE SHAHZADA BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE, JULY 2: PRESENTING THE AMEER'S LETTER.

THE ITALIAN FLEET AT SPITHEAD.

Photographs by U. Cinti Vecchi, Photographer to the Italian Royal Navy, Spezia.



SAVOIA.



PARTENOPE.

The Italian Fleet, having called at British ports for coaling purposes, and having taken part in the Kiel festivities, comes to Spithead to pay a visit that is no mere piece of international courtesy. Between this country and the new Italian Kingdom there have always subsisted relations of peculiar friendship; and when-
over, of late years, British and Italian naval officers have met; there has been an interchange of sentiments far removed from the ordinary dry formalities of official intercourse. These sentiments were sown at the time of the Crimean War, when a well-equipped little Sardinian contingent, transported to the scene of operations in Sardinian vessels, fought side by side with our own army; and they have since flourished and been strengthened—first, by our natural sympathies with the gallant and successful struggles of Italy for liberty and unity, and secondly, by our equally natural sympathies with a constitutional and non-aggressive Power in process of creating for itself an efficient navy. When, five-and-thirty years ago, the union of Italy was accomplished, that navy was small and insignificant indeed; yet from the beginning it made rapid strides; and as early as 1866 there was at sea a respectable force of ironclads flying the Italian flag. But the development of the *matériel* had then been more rapid than the development of the *personnel*; and when it was sought to employ the new arm, the experiment proved a failure. Perhaps Lissa was not an unmixed disadvantage for Italy. Assuredly there has been great and steady progress ever since; and to-day Italy has a fleet which stands well at the head of the fleets of the second-class naval Powers, and permits of something more than a hope in the breasts of patriotic Italians that, should need arise, Italy may revive her ancient naval glories—glories associated with such names as Dandolo, Lauria, Grimaldi, Pisani, Doria, and Morosini.

The fleet that comes to Spithead is decidedly the most formidable Italian naval force that has ever left the Mediterranean, consisting, as it does, of four first-class battle-ships—some of the largest in the world—three fast protected cruisers, and two torpedo gun-vessels. A more detailed description is given below—



RE UMBERTO.

SHIP.	TONS.	I.H.P.	SPEED, KNOTS.	COMMANDER.
Savoia	2,850	3,340	14	Admiral the Duke of Genoa Captain A. Persico
Re Umberto	13,375	19,500	18	Vice-Admiral E. Accinni Captain Giovanni Bettolo
Sardegna	13,375	21,000	19	Rear-Admiral E. Grandville Captain N. Coltelletti
Andrea Doria	10,993	10,591	13	Captain Francesco Grenet
Ruggiero di Lauria	11,077	10,590	17	Captain Alberto de Libero
Etruria	2,280	6,500	18	Captain Edoardo Ruelle
Stromboli	3,475	6,252	17	Captain Luigi Borgstrom
Aretusa	846	4,000	20	Commander G. Boccardi
Partenope	834	4,157	19	Commander L. Carnevale

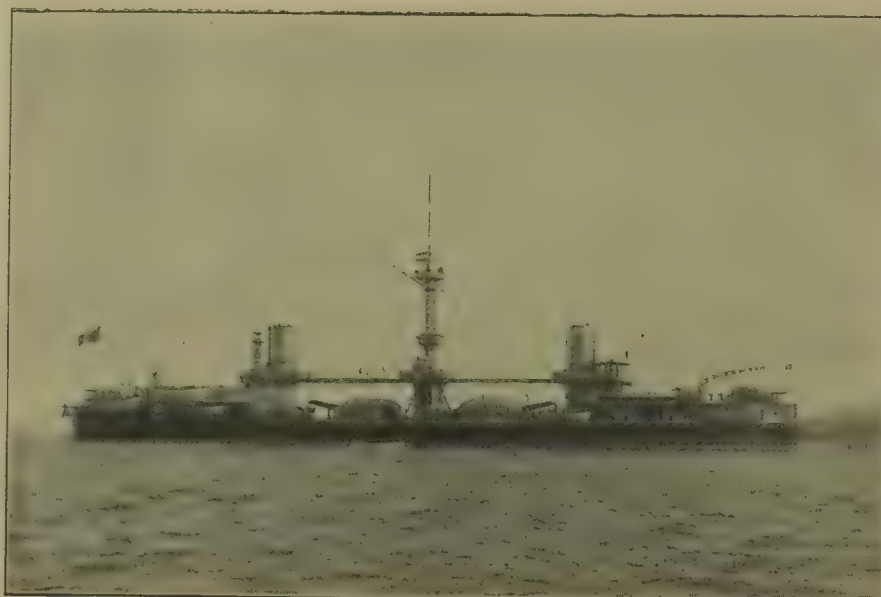
The *Savoia* is a cruiser which also does duty as a royal yacht, and, on this occasion, as flag-ship into the bargain. The Prince-Admiral who flies his flag in her, Prince Thomas of Savoy, is a nephew of the late King Victor Emmanuel, and is now in his forty-second year. His flag-captain, Persico, is well known and very popular in

London, where, until last autumn, he served as Naval Attaché; and Captain Persico's wife is an English lady. The ironclads *Re Umberto* and *Sardegna* are sister-ships, each mounting, in addition to smaller weapons, four 13·5-inch 68-ton breechloaders behind 14 inches of armour. The ironclads *Andrea Doria* and *Ruggiero di Lauria* are also sisters, each carrying four 17-inch 101-ton breech-loaders behind 16-inch armour. The captain of the former preceded Captain Persico as Italian Naval Attaché here, and consequently has hosts of personal friends in England. The *Etruria* and *Stromboli* are craft much like our own more recent third-class cruisers, from which, however, they differ notably in appearance in that they have heavy-armed tops, and that the *Stromboli* has in addition, nearly amidships, a monstrous and most unsightly crane, intended for the hoisting in and out of boats and other great weights. Similar cranes, of even more gigantic proportions, exist in the *Andrea Doria* and *Ruggiero di Lauria*. The *Aretusa* and *Partenope* are not unlike our own *Seagull* class, and, in common with them, carry in the bows guns which are too heavy for that position in such small vessels. All nine ships were built in Italian yards.

The *Andrea Doria* bears the name of the great seaman-adventurer of Genoa, who was born in 1468, and who fought first with and subsequently against the French, and prolonged his glorious naval career until he was much past eighty years of age. The *Ruggiero di Lauria* also bears a name famous in the naval annals of mediæval Italy. Roger de Loria, as he is usually called by English



RUGGIERO DI LAURIA.



ANDREA DORIA.

historians, distinguished himself in particular at the battles of Messina, Sorrento, and Cape Orlando, and died in 1305.

The Italian Navy, of which the visiting fleet is a sample, comprises, in the shape of ships built or building, ten first-class ironclads of 10,000 tons' displacement or upwards; twelve other armoured vessels, some exceedingly powerful, besides obsolete ships; fifty cruisers and torpedo gun-vessels, nearly all modern and of the best types; and 184 torpedo-boats, of which over one hundred are of the large sea-going classes, and very fast. Among the officers the ranks are much as with us, save that instead of having captains and commanders only between the lieutenants and the admirals, the Italians have three grades—namely, those of *capitano di vascello*, *capitano di fregata*, and *capitano di corvetta*. The officers ranking with our midshipmen are called *guardiamarina*. The pay is such as would frighten an Englishman. A rear-admiral gets but £360, a first-class captain but £296, and a lieutenant but £140 a year; and the admiral himself has only £600. With us, a full admiral, commanding, say, in the Mediterranean, receives

Piemonte; the older craft *Esploratore*, *Eridano*, *Garigliano*, and *Trinacria*, and nearly forty of the less recent torpedo-boats.

The regular complements of the visiting ships are: *Savoia*, 210; *Re Umberto* and *Sardegna*, each 673; *Andrea Doria* and *Ruggiero di Lauria*, each 478; *Etruria*, 246; *Stromboli*, 308; and *Aretusa* and *Partenope*, each 105: the total, therefore, being 3276 officers and men. The provisioning of these, and the coaling of the ships, which among them have required, or will require, to take on board here not less than eight thousand tons of coal, will not, of course, try the resources of a place like Portsmouth; and the inhabitants of that ancient port will, doubtless, co-operate cordially and generously with the Naval authorities in welcoming our Italian friends.

ART NOTES.

Few cities in this or any other country can compare with Oxford for stately buildings and picturesque surroundings. At various times its noble colleges, its wide streets, the

This consists in a number of works illustrative of "Wessex," as invented by Mr. Thomas Hardy—the scene of the majority of his stories and studies. The other artists who take part in bringing before the eye the districts which have been made the scenes of so many stirring episodes are Mr. Yeend King, Mr. F. Whitehead, Mr. A. H. Fisher, Mr. Heath Wilson, and Mr. T. Rowe. The country they depict extends from Casterbridge to Poole Harbour, and from Sherborne to Bere Regis—a country full of spots at once interesting and beautiful and connected alike with history and romance. Such places as Casterbridge, Wolfreton House, Melcombe House, Corfe Castle, and Lulworth Cove lend themselves naturally to picturesque treatment; while the light haze which softens the outline of the landscape in those parts adds an additional charm to the scene in the hands of appreciative artists. All those who exhibit in this gallery do not equally take advantage of their opportunities; but all have, within their several limits, done honour to "Wessex." Especial mention should, however, be made of Mr. Buxton Knight's "Poole Harbour," which, from its size and importance, stands apart from the smaller sketches contributed by the painters already named.



STROMBOLI.



ARETUSA.



ETRURIA.



SARDEGNA.

THE ITALIAN FLEET AT SPITHEAD.

Photographs by U. Conti Vecchi, Photographer to the Italian Royal Navy, Spezia.

as pay £1825, as table money £1642, and consequently in all £3467; and many of our captains are in receipt of more than is paid to an Italian admiral commanding-in-chief.

The Italian man-of-war ensign is a tricolour of red, white, and green, the last-named being next the staff. On the white are emblazoned the arms of Savoy, surmounted by a crown. The mercantile marine wears exactly the same flag, but without the crown. The uniforms, both of officers and of men, bear a close resemblance to those of our Navy, even the fashion of the rank-strips and of the executive "curl" on the cuffs being closely copied.

It is worth while noting that the Italian Navy owes much more than the fashion of its uniform to British influences. In the past, many Italian officers, including the redoubtable Giovanni Bausan, served for a time in our fleet; and although nearly all the more modern Italian men-of-war are built in Italy, they are even now largely built with British material, and almost entirely armed with British guns. Many of the older vessels were actually built in this country. Among these are the famous *Affondatore*, which justified her name in an unintended way by foundering soon after the Battle of Lissa; the still modern cruisers *Dogali*, *Giovanni Bausan*, and

meadows of Christ Church, and the Deer Park of Magdalen have attracted artists from our own and foreign countries. As a sketching ground, Oxford is inexhaustible; for each painter or etcher finds fresh points of beauty and interest, or reveals objects which are passed unnoticed by the ordinary sightseer. Messrs. Dickinson and Foster (114, New Bond Street) have therefore been well inspired in inviting a number of artists—amongst whom Mr. F. P. Barraud, Mr. W. E. Everitt, and Mr. A. H. Wardlow are most largely represented—to bring together their impressions of "Picturesque Oxford." Mr. F. P. Barraud is the most prolific, and it must be admitted that he has a pleasant knack of turning out pretty pictures. It is a little hard upon his facile work to place in such close proximity three or four of Mr. Phené Spiers' elaborately finished studies of Oxford architecture. These latter, however, from their size and treatment, are more suitable for the student and the connoisseur; Mr. Barraud and his colleagues wisely content themselves with appealing to more popular tastes, and their works are good enough to satisfy all the requirements of those who retain their affection for their University and desire to have some memorial of its beauties.

At the same gallery there is a collection of a very different character, in which Mr. Barraud also has a share.

It is a matter of common knowledge that one of the most distinguished practitioners of the day retired from his profession in order to devote himself to a thorough scientific analysis of the materials used by painters at all periods. The result of Herr Liebreich's studies has not, we believe, as yet been published; but another German professor, Herr E. Berger, has recently made known that he is working in the same direction. The well-worn myth which attributed to Van Eyck the discovery of the use of oils in mixing his colours has had its day, and it is now generally admitted that oil was used long before the great Fleming's time. But, at all events, there was probably some foundation—so Herr Berger thinks—for Vasari's statement that some innovation in the mixing of colours was due to Van Eyck. Up to his time the use of *tempera* was general. This consisted of a semi-liquid substance obtained from the yolks of eggs dissolved in "fig-milk," the juice of young fig-shoots. Herr Berger seems to incline to the belief that Van Eyck substituted for "fig-milk" some sort of gum or glue which was soluble in water, and that this, being found more tractable than the original *tempera*, was by degrees substituted for it, as Vasari affirms. The exclusive use of oil for mixing colours does not seem to have become general until a much later period, when easel pictures became more and more sought after as objects of decoration, and the need of flowing colours was forced upon painters, who speedily, but probably in different ways, arrived at similar results.

LORD SALISBURY'S NEW CABINET.

THE ELECTORAL STRUGGLE.

This week the General Election begins in earnest. Lord Salisbury has completed the formation of his Ministry, in which the Liberal Unionists have secured eleven offices, a number quite disproportionate to their numerical strength in the Parliament of 1892. Mr. Chamberlain occupies a unique position. Never has a Colonial Secretary been deputy leader of the House of Commons; but the closing days of the late House made it plain that Mr. Chamberlain enjoys equality with Mr. Balfour on the Treasury Bench, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, holds a subordinate position which no Chancellor of the Exchequer ever held before. More than this, the policy sketched to the electors by Lord Salisbury embraces

stress upon this than upon the Local Veto Bill, to which he has pledged the rest of his political life. It is interesting to note that Mr. John Morley has

Cabinet. But, generally speaking, the issue chosen by the Liberal party is the issue which concerns the House of Lords, though the irony of fate never permitted the late Government to propose in the Commons the resolution which was to define their reform of the relations between the two Houses. As Mr. Morley has emphatically renewed the allegiance of his party to the principle of Home Rule, Mr. Chamberlain has retorted that the House of Lords claims the support of all Unionists as the chief bulwark against an Irish revolution. In the new Ministry Mr. Gerald Balfour is Chief Secretary for Ireland, an appointment which indicates a continuity of policy between the first Unionist Administration and the second. Mr. T. W. Russell, whose accession



Photo by Bassano.

LORD ASHBOURNE.

Edward Gibson, first Lord Ashbourne, who for the third time is Lord Chancellor of Ireland, is fifty-eight. Represented Dublin University 1875-85. Was one of the most eloquent advocates at the Irish Bar. Was Irish Attorney-General 1877-80. Became a Peer in 1885.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS.

As First Commissioner of Works he will have a rest from the arduous task of being Chief Whip, in which office he has been diligent since 1885. Is forty-four, and has represented a division in Kent since 1880. Is a Director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, BART.

Chancellor of the Exchequer for the second time. Has been in the House of Commons since 1864. Has been, in various Ministries, Under-Secretary for Home Office, Chief-Secretary for Ireland, Colonial Secretary, and President of the Board of Trade. Is fifty-eight.



Photo by Bassano.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

The new Secretary for War is fifty years old. Was Under-Secretary for War 1872-74, and Under-Secretary for India in 1880. Was a popular Governor-General of Canada 1883-88, and Viceroy of India 1883-91. Is a trustee of the National Gallery.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. WALTER LONG.

The new President of the Board of Agriculture is the youngest Cabinet Minister, being forty. Has been in Parliament, where his father and grandfather sat, for fifteen years. Was Parliamentary Secretary to Local Government Board in 1886.



Photo by Bassano.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

The Secretary for Scotland is a Scotch Representative Peer, forty-six years old. Was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen 1887-88, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade 1888-92. Is businesslike and energetic. Was once Chairman of Grand Committees.



Photo by Bassano.

SIR HENRY JAMES.

The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, now becoming a Peer, has been M.P. since 1869. Is sixty-seven, and has held the offices of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General in Liberal Governments. Introduced and carried the Corrupt Practices (Parliamentary Elections) Act.

proposals made by Mr. Chamberlain months ago on his own individual authority. There is, for example, the idea of making working men owners of their dwellings, and there is the policy of old-age pensions. These, together with some projects for remedying the evils of agricultural distress, and checking the migration from the villages to the towns, are the principal points in the Unionist propaganda of constructive social reform. On the other hand, the Opposition are concentrating their forces on the question of the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery denounced at the Albert Hall what he called the "legislative preponderance" of the Peers. Mr. Asquith took the same line, and this is the cue for Liberal candidates everywhere. Sir William Harcourt, in his speeches at Derby, has laid much less

repeatedly put forward an elaborate defence of that measure, and this has given rise to speculation as to differences of opinion on the subject in the late

to the Treasury Bench is a notable increase of its fighting strength, becomes Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, a post in which he would render great service to any policy for the extension of local government in Ireland; though the summary rejection of the Irish Municipal Franchise Bill by the Lords makes any such policy problematical. The general impression of the new Administration is that it is remarkably strong in personal ability, and the practical working of the experiment of "fusion" is awaited with the keenest interest. As for the outcome of the General Election, the prevalent belief is that the Unionists will have a substantial majority, though the Opposition are by no means down-hearted about their chances.



A DIFFICULT CASE.

COUNTRY DOCTOR: "Well, my man, what's the matter with you?"

RUSTIC PATIENT: "Well, Sir, they tells me there's something wrong with the Constitution, and I wants you to tell me how I'm to vote."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I observe that Mr. Wallace Remington, an artist by profession, has been giving a demonstration of what he calls "a new art"—namely, the association, with colour, of the qualities which are ordinarily attributed to music alone. Thus, what is called "colour music" is performed on an organ of special construction whereby when a special note is struck coloured discs appear illuminated by the lime-light. From a report of the exhibition which lies before me, I learn that the rendering of a musical piece was accompanied by the display of combinations of colour on a screen, but the reporter was evidently dubious regarding the real artistic or scientific value of the exhibition, for he doubts whether there can be any analogy between the musical octave and that of Mr. Remington's "colour organ." With this expression of opinion one is forced to conclude most persons will agree.

Even if a person can contrive to associate a given colour with a particular note, this fact by no means proves that there is anything more than an arbitrary and purely personal and relative connection between the sound and the tint. Besides, is there any primary justification of a natural kind for assuming that each note has a colour analogue? It is true that we find individuals here and there who think of the letters of the alphabet in terms of colour; but this I take to be a purely subjective phenomenon. I may associate bass chords with deep red, and light treble music with, say, light blue; but it by no means follows that what my mentality suggests to me, holds good for other people or represents any natural relationship between colour and sound. There may be something more definite in Mr. Remington's invention and ideas than the report I have read of them conveys to one's mind; but on general principles I think we are very far removed as yet in general physiology from any adequate interpretation of sounds in terms of colour.

A correspondent wishes to know "if there is anything real or sound in the art of physiognomy?" This is rather a difficult question to discuss. Most physiognomists are at the same time devotees of that effete and exploded system of brain-localisation known as "phrenology"; a system practically relegated to back streets and to the sands of popular seaside resorts for its exposition. But I apprehend most persons will agree with the truth of the common observation that "there is something in the face," and it is a very natural idea indeed to suppose that a person's face should afford some index to his or her character. How exact this indication may be is another matter. I have met people—strangers to me—with faces of repulsive and forbidding aspect, who, on closer acquaintance, turned out to be most charming, intelligent, and in every respect admirable members of society. I once encountered a man in the course of my travels who had the face of a prize-fighter, and a jaw that appeared to be specially fitted for lifting ponies and other big weights in a music-hall exhibition. At the hotel where we met there was hardly a person who would associate with him. "He is so repulsive-looking, you know," said a dowager to me, evidently reflecting on the safety of her two somewhat elderly daughters. I struck up an acquaintance with the man of the prize-ring face, and found him to be a suave, gentle-mannered individual, with a soft voice, and a store of culture that would have made the ordinary individual "take a back seat" as regards his education. It turned out that my big-jawed friend was an author and a poet to boot. Dame Nature had, by his face, evidently destined him, on popular physiognomical grounds, as a fit successor to Hoeman or Sayers.

So, also, is it not true that you now and then meet with a man who turns out a consummate scoundrel and who possesses the face of a Greek god? It all depends on what we call a good face or a bad one. We are extremely unreasonable, it seems to me, in this matter of facial conformation; and we are apt, by reason of our prepossessions, aimless and indefinite, to acquire a prejudice against certain of our fellows such as is perfectly irrational. The face cannot always be "the mirror of the soul," and if there is such a thing as education and self-restraint in the world, it seems to me that a man's real character, modelled by his culture, must often give the lie to his features. Perhaps physiognomists have a way out of this disparity between face and character, but I confess I have always been inclined towards scepticism when I have heard of people diagnosing other persons' dispositions by the contour and general aspect of the features. Presumably there are people who plainly reflect their feelings in their face, but I question whether anything more certain than the most vague generalisations can be drawn from a study of the features. Lavater's science, I should think, is about as moribund as that of Gall and Spurzheim; although I must not neglect to note that Dr. Louis Robinson of late days has been delivering himself of a series of interesting views in magazine articles on facial diagnosis.

Dr. Robinson thinks that the face may be found to bear a particular guise or aspect in particular professions. There is the priest type, and the actor type, and so on. This view, I should say, if proved, must result primarily from a special type of brain gravitating towards a particular kind of vocation. In other words, it is not the profession which determines the face; it is the individual brain and character which finds itself in a special walk in life, and the chances are that in any given vocation we may find a greater number of facial likes than unlikes. Be that as it may, Dr. Robinson's articles are well worth perusal. I have sometimes thought of the Johnsonian adage, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat"; and I have certainly seen a butcher whom an artist would have no difficulty at all in sketching in lifelike guise with the face of a sheep. I know a worthy fishwife whose physiognomy forcibly suggests the outline of a cod's-head. But this allegation of likeness may be the effect of pure imagination. It is certainly not science, and there might be danger of a special and obvious kind in suggesting that any special trade necessitates or induces a likeness in face to the objects with which it deals.

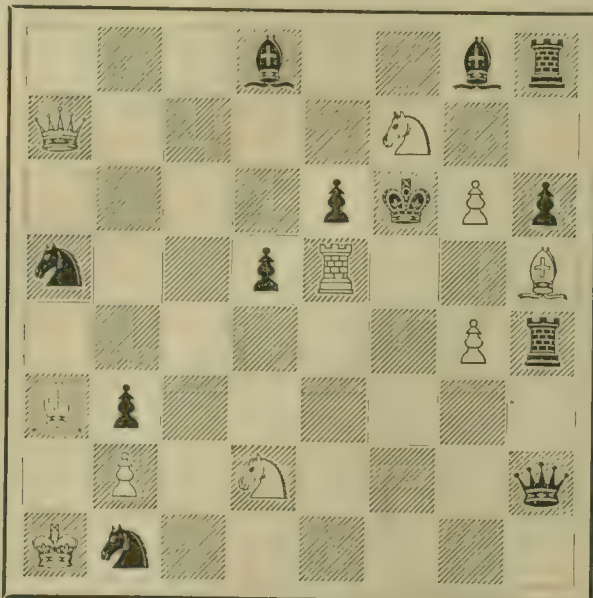
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J PALUZIE (Barcelona).—Your problems to hand. In accordance with your request we shall give them careful examination.
E O MULLER.—We are very much obliged for the game, which shall appear at an early date.
J T ANDREWS.—Your letter has been anticipated by events. The amended position shall receive attention.
C E NOLTEUS (New York).—You were correctly informed about our practice in regard to dedication problems. Thanks for the problem sent.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2660 received from E C Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of No. 2665 from James Stuart (Bremersdorp, Swaziland); of No. 2668 from Nikhilmath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2670 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2671 from Evans (Port Hope); Philip Sidney Estes (Brookline, Mass.), and S Seijas (Barcelona); of No. 2672 from W P Hind; of No. 2673 from W E Thompson, Albert Wolff, E E H, R H Brooks, S Seijas (Barcelona), Professor Charles Wolff (Vienna), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2674 received from H S Brandreth, R H Brooks, J D Tucker (Leeds), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F Waller (Luton), Ubique, F W C (Edgbaston), S Seijas (Barcelona), Albert Wolff, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Joseph O'Brien (Whiteninch, N.B.), Walter Lewis (Swansea), Shadforth, J H Wright, W R Raillem, W A Downes, Albert C F Morgan, F Leete (Sudbury), M Burke, T Roberts, F R Britten (Brixton), Hermit, L Desanges, E Loudon, E E H, Alpha, J Bailey (Newark), R Worters (Canterbury), W P Hind, Sorrento, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), C M A B, G R Bennett, J S Wesley (Exeter), E B Foord, A Newman, M G D, J Hall, F A Carter (Maldon), Herbert Filmer (Faversham), Dr. F St, C E Perugini, and Oliver Ieingla.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. MEYER'S PROBLEM received from W P Hind, G R Bennett, J D Tucker (Leeds), M Burke, W Wright, J Bailey (Newark), and F R Short (Wolverhampton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2673.—By W. T. PIERCE.
WHITE.
1. B to B sq
2. Q takes P (ch)
3. Q or B mates.
BLACK.
K to Kt 3rd
K takes Q or moves
If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to Q 5th (ch); if 1. K to K 5th, 2. Q to K B 3rd (ch); and if 1. B to K Kt 4th, then 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2676.
By G. F. SCOTT (Brisbane).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

INTER-COUNTY CHESS.
Game played in the match between SUSSEX and GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (A. A. Bowley, Sussex).	BLACK (H. L. Leonard, Gloucestershire).	WHITE (A. A. Bowley, Sussex).	BLACK (H. L. Leonard, Gloucestershire).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black now gets ample compensation for the Queen. If Kt to K 2nd, then 17. B takes R, Kt takes R; 18. P takes Kt, B takes P; 19. Kt takes P, Q to R 5th (ch), etc.	17. B takes Q
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		18. B takes R P
3. P to Kt K 3rd	B to B 4th		B takes B
4. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		B to Kt 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
6. K Kt to K 2nd	K Kt to Kt 5th		
7. Castles	Q to B 3rd		
This attack is altogether premature, and gives Black a bad game.		The full force of this move appears to have escaped White when he ventured on 13. R to B 5th.	
8. Kt to Q 5th	B takes P (ch)	19. P to K R 3rd	B to B 6th (ch)
9. K to R sq	Q to Q sq	20. K to R 2nd	Kt to Q 5th
10. B to R 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	21. P to Q B 3rd	B takes Kt
11. B takes Kt		22. Q to R 4th (ch)	Kt to B 3rd.
White has now a clear piece, and should win with ordinary care.		23. R to K sq	
12. B to R 3rd	P to K R 4th	This appears to be an oversight. Q to B 4th is a better move, defending the Pawn and threatening check at K 6th.	
13. R to B 5th	P to R 5th	24. Q to Q sq	B takes Q P
U. justifiable in a match game. White, for the sake of spectacular effect, tries to win the Queen, and sacrifices an easy victory. P to Kt 4th placed the issue beyond a doubt.		25. P to Kt 3rd	B to B 3rd
14. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	26. R to K B sq	K to Q 2nd
15. Kt takes B P (ch)	P takes Kt	27. Q to Q 2nd	Q R to K B sq
16. B takes P	B takes R	28. R takes R	R takes R
		29. P to K Kt 4th	R to B 5th
		30. Q to Q 3rd	
		Time having been called, the game was adjudicated a draw.	

CHESS IN VIENNA.
Game played between Messrs. FLEISSIG and SCHLEHTER.
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q Kt 4th		A reminiscence of the well-known game between Andersen and Kiersevitzy, and the continuation is largely on the same lines.	
White's opening seems to have nothing to commend it except its originality.		11. Q takes R (ch)	K to K 2nd
2. B to Kt 2nd	P to K 3rd	12. Q takes B	P takes Kt
3. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q B 4th	13. B to B sq	Kt to Q 2nd
4. P to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	14. Q takes R	
5. P to Q 4th		There is hardly a better move. Suppose instead Q to B 4th, R to Q sq would be unanswerable.	
It would be more reasonable to go on with P to K 3rd and Kt to K B 3rd. The following brilliancies, however, would then have been wanting.		15. B to B 4th	Q takes Kt P
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to R 4th (ch)	16. K to B sq	Q to Q 4th (ch)
7. Q to Q 3rd	P takes P	17. B takes B	B to K 6th (ch)
8. Q takes P	B to B 4th	About as curiously interesting a finish as has been seen for many a day. White cannot prevent Q to R 7th or Q to R 8th (ch) and mate immediately.	
9. Q takes Kt P	B takes P (ch)		
10. K to Q sq	P to Q 5th		

Mr. Steinitz has taken his passage for Europe in order to be present at the Hastings tournament. A part of his programme, we understand, is to play a match with Dr. Tarrasch.
The match between Messrs. Bardeleben and Teichmann, played at the Bohemian Chess Club, has resulted, after a keen contest, in a victory for the former, the final score being Bardeleben 3, Teichmann 1; Drawn 6.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Six (from January 5 to June 29, 1895) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 193, Strand, W.C., London.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Of course the imminence of the General Election has almost made an end of the London season. I find that our American visitors cannot at all understand why this should be the case. In their country politics form the profession or paying business of a not very highly respected class, and are practically ignored by the majority of the upper classes; so it appears quite impossible for Americans to realise that here it is considered the duty of every person who has influence of any kind, whether territorial or intellectual, to exercise it during an election in the locality where he is most potent. It will be an evil day indeed for this country if ever the American view is adopted: if the educated and the wealthy classes of society are led to believe that it is either useless or unbecoming for them to take a real interest and an active share in the management of public affairs. As we all know, however, it is still considered one of the most imperative duties of members of that class to use all their influence for whichever party they believe in whenever an election comes round; and nowadays it is realised that women as well as men have a share in this duty. Although, therefore, dinners and dances already arranged have been given during the last fortnight and have really been exceptionally numerous—for this season has been a good one—they have been shorn of half their numbers by the exodus that has already commenced and is every day becoming more decided.

Among the more important parties were Lady Ilchester's, at Holland House, and Lady Whitehead's, at the Royal Botanic Gardens, at each of which about a thousand guests were present. The Botanic Gardens make a magnificent setting for a garden-party. The exquisitely kept lawns and the beautiful flowers are a pleasure to behold, and the inevitable refreshments can be placed out of sight without being hidden away. Lady Whitehead, looking very distinguished in a black-and-green striped glacé silk, received her guests standing on a large Indian carpet, spread under the shade of some fine trees. The gardens of Holland House are hardly less beautiful than those of the Botanic Society. They are completely sheltered from casual observation, and the superb trees and lawns formed a charming background for many magnificent costumes. Lady Ilchester's own dress was of silver-grey bengaline, the centre of the bodice being of white satin, trimmed with bands of lace, which were embroidered down at the edges with steel; a wide straw hat was worn, trimmed with green ribbon and pink roses. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and her daughters were present—the Duchess in half-mourning, in a black-and-white wavy striped silk dress, with some cream lace on the bodice, and a black tulle bonnet, trimmed with jet. Her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania, was in pink-and-black striped silk, with a collar of black guipure; and the younger, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, wore a pale blue silk dress, the skirt veiled with white silk muslin, and the sleeves very full puffs of accordion-pleated blue silk muslin. Perhaps the most charming of all the many pretty gowns was that of the beautiful young Countess of Yarborough; or it may be that the wearer added the lustre of her own charm to her dress. It was a lime-green silk, almost veiled in silk muslin of the same shade, the bodice chiefly of white satin, much trimmed with filmy point d'Alençon fixed on with diamond brooches; the bonnet was of white lace trimmed with pink La France roses.

Henley dresses partake of the nature of seaside or of garden-party frocks, according to the taste of the wearer. A pretty cream serge made for this occasion had a plain skirt trimmed with three bands of narrow pale blue braid, put on by one edge only; and a coat bodice, cut off to the waist in front and with long tails at the back, the whole bound round with blue; a vest of blue silk, and another of white flannel being supplied with it, and three large buttons, covered in pale blue, appearing on the seams below the waist in front. The ever useful and becoming blue serge appeared with many varieties of vest and button. The almost universal pattern, however, was the open-fronted coat, with a rather short full basque. A black and white chené silk made an effective blouse front to a rather light tone of blue serge; and in another dress écarle lace was not unhappily used for the same purpose. A blue serge coat, with wide revers faced with fawn, embroidered round the edges with circles of silver and fawn cord, and having a white lace vest, was effective.

Of the other class of river dress, muslins of many varieties and patterns, and chené and glacé silks were the best patronised. A well-known actress had a dress made of rose-pink and white striped glacé silk, the centre of the bodice being of white silk muslin draped over pink, and the sleeves of pink silk muslin ending in a frill at the elbow—a fashion which is being revived. The same lady had a second dress made of pink glacé silk patterned over with black spots intermingled with red rose-buds; of this uncommon fabric the whole dress was made except for a collar of white chiffon edged round with one frill of pink and a second frill of black chiffon. Another dress made at the same place was a white chené silk with a pattern of roses in fawn and pink shades, the bodice draped and the sleeves entirely made with white point d'esprit net, over which bands of pink ribbon were drawn. A dress for an elder lady had a skirt of magenta silk, with a six-inch band of black silk round the foot; the bodice was chiefly of blue silk, cut in coat shape, with double revers and vests, the upper one of magenta silk, and the second of black silk.

Naturally, blouses have been the most largely prepared garments for this popular river function. Young girls appear on such occasions to more advantage in the simpler than in the more costly and elaborate fabrics and fashions. A blouse of pink cotton crépon trimmed with white Swiss embroidery and worn with a white washing silk skirt, a blouse of white muslin with a water-green crépon skirt, and a blouse of butter-coloured muslin trimmed with bands of lace insertion over blue ribbon and worn with a tussore silk skirt, were all good combinations.

DUTY, NOT HAPPINESS, IS THE TRUE OBJECT OF LIFE.

WHAT COMMANDS THE ADMIRATION AND HOMAGE OF MANKIND?—CHARACTER AND STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN INCIDENT IN HIS FIRST CANVASS. "TELL 'IM TO CHALK HIS NAME ON THE COUNTER,

AND YOUR FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER."

"If I were asked to account in a sentence for his great popularity, I should say it was his great urbanity, his fidelity to true Liberalism, his love of independence, and his unimpeachable character. During his first canvass (about sixty years ago), Mr. Villiers and two friends entered a small shop at Willenhall that had been left in charge of a young girl. On learning their business the damsel shouted upstairs, 'Mother, here's a gentleman as is come for father's vote for Member of Parliament.' To this a voice from above made answer: 'Tell 'im to chalk his name on the counter, and your FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER.' 'Thank you, Ma'am,' shouted the candidate; after which, turning to his companions, he said, 'Book that for me; I am as certain of it as if it were already given.'"—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS INDIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH SKOBELEFF.

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the

AID OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"We ought to be friends. . . . Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT." *The Russian Advance towards India*.—C. MARVIN, page 88.

EGYPT, CAIRO.

"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A. CORFORD, 19th Hussars.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

"BOOK THAT FOR ME."

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It is Pleasant, Cooling, Soothing, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—"I have recently returned from a tour through Australia and New Zealand, where I enjoyed perfect health, owing, I believe, to my always having ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in constant use. I was glad in New Zealand, up country, to pay 5s. per bottle to get ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in preference to imitations which were offered by Chemists and Storekeepers at lower prices. For sea-sickness it is invaluable, and in nearly 100,000 miles of journeying I have always had it near me, and felt safe from fever, blood poisons, &c.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, S. A. J., Dec. 1, 1892."

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and Kidneys, by natural means: thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the Foundation and great Danger of Chills, Fevers, Worry, Blood Poisons, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

The value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by worthless imitations.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Mappin & Webb's.

STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

(Regd. 71,552).

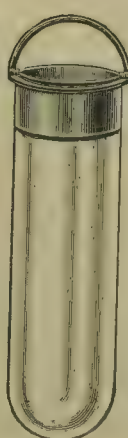
Guaranteed for 25 years without the silver wearing off.



Prince's Plate Salvers, richly Hand-Engraved.
8 in. £2 5s. 12 in. £3 10s.
10 in. £3 0s. 14 in. £4 15s.
Sterling Silver.
8 in. £5 10s. 12 in. £11 15s.
10 in. £8 10s. 14 in. £15 5s.



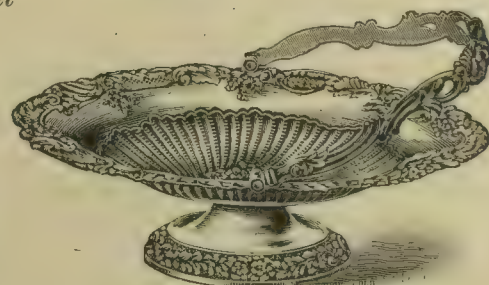
Chased Sterling Silver Antique Champagne-Jug, £17 17s.



Very Handsomely Cut Champagne-Jug, with removable Ice-Well, mounted in Prince's Plate.



Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.
3 pints £5 5 0 £10 10 0
4 pints £6 5 0 £12 10 0



Cake-Basket, richly chased in style of Louis XV.
Prince's Plate £5 0 0
Sterling Silver 11 15 0



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Fruit-Dish, oval, 14 in. long, not including handles, £9 10s.



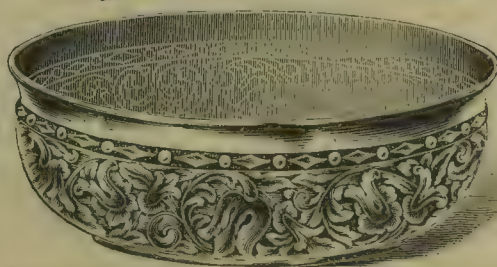
Handsome Crystal Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £10 10s.



Ivory Pepper-Mill, Sterling Silver Bands, £1 10s.



Sterling Silver Sweetmeat-Basket, £3 10s.



Sterling Silver Salad-Bowl, handsomely chased, interior richly gilt, £10 10s.
Sterling Silver Salad-Servers to match, £3 10s.

ANTIQUE SILVER, GOLD, AND OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED.



Electro Silver Breakfast Dish. Converts into three Dishes by simply removing the handle, £3 15s.
Prince's Plate, £4 10s. Sterling Silver, £21.



Sterling Silver Cigarette-Boxes, lined Cedarwood.
Length, 4 in. £3 10 0
" 6 in. 4 5 0
" 7 in. 5 10 0



Sterling Silver Moustache-Mug, with Blue-Glaze Lining, £2 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES

158 to 162 Oxford St. W. & 2 Queen Victoria St. E.C.

MANUFACTORY: THE ROYAL PLATE & CUTLERY WORKS SHEFFIELD.

FACING THE MANSION HOUSE

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1895), of Mr. Arthur Jones Laurence, of Clapham Park, who died on May 15, was proved on June 20 by Percy Edward Laurence and Reginald Laurence, the brothers, the executors, the personal estate amounting to £87,026. The testator bequeaths legacies to god-children and others; and leaves the residue of his property to his brothers and sisters equally, the share therein of his brother Joseph Alfred to be held upon trust for him for life and then for his son Claud.

The will (dated April 1, 1892) of Mr. Henry Richard Farquharson, M.P. for West Dorset, of Eastbury Park, near Blandford, who died on April 19 on board the steamship *Peshawur* in the Red Sea, was proved on June 29 by Edward Madge Hore and Walter Badeley Pattisson, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £49,435. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, dogs, and live and dead stock, except farming stock, to his wife, Mrs. Constance Farquharson; all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, and articles of household use or ornament for the use of his wife until one of his sons shall attain twenty-one, and then for his son who shall first attain twenty-one; and £3000 upon trust for Mildred Octavia Farquharson while she remains a spinster, and then for his son Henry Frank Ward. All his estates in the island of Ceylon he leaves to his trustees upon trusts for their culture and management, and to pay the surplus income to his wife during widowhood, and subject thereto as to two-thirds for his son Henry Frank Ward, and as to one-third for his son Frederick James. All other his freehold and leasehold properties he gives to his son Henry Frank Ward. The residue of his personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife during widowhood, and then if the same is under £20,000, as to one-third for his son Henry Frank Ward, and two-thirds for his son Frederick James; but if such residue exceeds £20,000, as to one-fourth for his son Henry Frank Ward, two-fourths for his son Frederick James, and one-fourth for his daughter Marcia.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1892) of Alderman Robert Champley, D.L., J.P., Mayor of Scarborough 1866-68, of 13, The Crescent, Scarborough, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on June 15 at the York District Registry by Charles Haigh and John Edward Thorley Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £41,968. The testator bequeaths £100 to be invested, and the income distributed on or about Dec. 7 in each year by the minister and churchwardens of Thornton Dale, Yorkshire, in money or coals among poor persons of the parish, without distinction of creed, as they shall consider most deserving, and in such proportions as they shall think fit, and there is a similar legacy for distribution by the minister and churchwardens of Ellerburn with Wilford, Yorkshire, among the poor of the township of Ellerburn; the white marble bust of his late father by Matthew Noble to the Scarborough Philosophical and Archaeological Society, but

if the said society should at any time cease to exist, then to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the borough of Scarborough; the remainder of his furniture and effects to his daughter Blanche Etty Champley, and his jewellery to her and his daughter Roberta Frances Ann Whitney; £50 each to his executors; £300 each to the children of his brother James; and £200 to his friend Arabella Kerr. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves two-thirds to his daughter Mrs. Whitney, and one-third to his daughter Blanche Etty, and without creating any trust, the testator relies on their providing amply for the maintenance of his daughter Constance Margaret Thornton Champley. All his real estate in the borough of Scarborough he gives to his daughter Blanche Etty, and the residue of his real estate to his daughter Mrs. Whitney.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1889), with six codicils, of Mr. Thomas Day, of Amptill House, Amptill Square, Hampstead Road, and of Holly Hill, Snodland, Kent, who died on March 7, was proved on June 25 by William Henry Day, M.D., the son, and Francis Henry Cripps Day, Harry Morse Hewitt, and Thomas Graily Hewitt, the grandsons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £41,470. The testator makes ample provision for his wife and daughter, and there are large gifts to grandchildren, and bequests to sisters, servant, and clerks. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Dr. W. H. Day absolutely.

The will (dated May 12, 1891) of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, of Newhaven Court, Cromer, Norfolk, and of Rowfant Crawley, Sussex, who died on May 30, was proved on July 1 by Mrs. Hannah Jane Locker-Lampson, the widow, and Walter Boucher James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,419. The testator bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Eleanor Bertha Mary Birrell, for life, then for her husband, Augustine Birrell, for life, and on the death of the survivor of them, to fall into and form part of his residuary estate; £500 to his daughter Dorothy; £300 to his daughter Maude; and £50 each to his brother Arthur, his sister Ellen Dobie, and his cousin and executor Mr. James. The residue of his property, whatsoever and wheresoever, both real and personal, he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1895) of Major-General John North Crealock, C.B., of 20, Hans Road, who died on April 24 at Rawal Pindi, India, was proved on June 27 by Colonel John Talbot Coke and Colonel Herbert Scott Gould Miles, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,167. The testator bequeaths £500 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Marion Crealock; £100 each to his executors, and an amount equal to two years' wages to each servant who has been five years in his service at his death. The income of his wife, with what she will receive under their marriage settlement, is made up to £600 per annum, and after £200 per annum has been paid or allowed for the maintenance of each of his two sons, a further £100 per annum is to be

paid to her during widowhood. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated July 17, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1891), of Mr. Edward John Foster, D.L., J.P., of Woodbury Lodge, near Sandy, Beds, and 18, Bramham Gardens, Earl's Court, who died on April 1, was proved on June 26 by Mrs. Mary Poole Foster, the widow, and Major Hubert John Foster, R.E., the brother, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,576. The testator appoints the real estate devised to him by the will of his father, John Nathaniel Foster, to his wife, for life, and subject thereto charges the same with portions of £5000 for each of his daughters. He bequeaths his jewellery, watches, and guns to his son Francis; and £300 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, horses, carriages, and indoor and outdoor effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, then for his children or remoter issue, as she shall appoint, and in default of appointment for his children equally.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1890) of the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Hore-Ruthven, of 12, Calverley Park Crescent, Tunbridge Wells, who died on March 28, was proved on June 28 by William Browne the younger, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £14,987. The testatrix bequeaths £150 to her executor; and the residue of her personal estate to her sisters, the Hon. Anna Hore-Ruthven, the Hon. Jane Stuart O'Grady, and the Hon. Georgina Jocelyne Hore-Ruthven in equal shares as tenants in common.

The probate of the will and codicil (both dated June 4, 1894) of Mrs. Jane Margaretta Lawson, widow of the late Right Hon. Mr. Justice Lawson, of 27, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, who died on Jan. 31, granted at Dublin to Miss Alice Lawson, William Lawson, and Major Henry Merrick Lawson, R.E., has now been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £8204. The testatrix gives an annuity to her sister-in-law, and legacies to children. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughters Alice and Eva equally.

The will of General the Hon. William Henry Adelbert Feilding, of 19, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, who died on March 25 at Bangkok, in Siam, was proved on June 24 by the Hon. Charlotte Feilding, the widow and sole executrix, the personal estate amounting to £8115.

The Scotch confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 14, 1882) of Mr. John Stuart Blackie, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, who died on March 2 at 9, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, granted to George Auldjo Jamieson, the accepting, and one of the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 25, the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £4987.

The **GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY** of 112, Regent St., W., invite inspection of their unrivalled stock of

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

consisting of special and exclusive designs, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Each article is mounted by the Company from their carefully selected stock of loose stones, and is guaranteed to be absolutely perfect. All goods are marked in plain figures, and sold direct to the public at MERCHANTS' NET CASH PRICES, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT ST.,

LONDON, W.

(Adjoining Stereoscopic Company).

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT ST.,

LONDON, W.

(Adjoining Stereoscopic Company).



GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

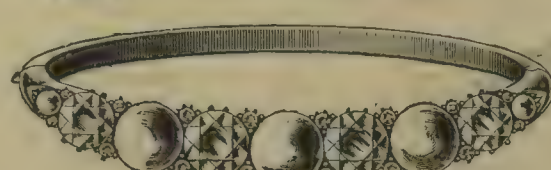
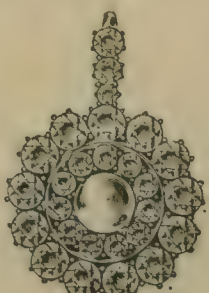
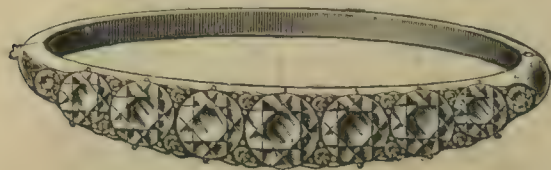
Special Designs
and Estimates Free.

AWARDED NINE GOLD MEDALS AND
THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Family Jewels Remodelled.
Estimates Free.

NEW ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE,
With Reduced Prices,
POST FREE.

GOODS
FORWARDED TO THE
COUNTRY
ON APPROVAL.



THE MANUFACTURING

SHOW-ROOMS:

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

**DIAMOND
NECKLACES.**

**DIAMOND
TIARAS.**

**DIAMOND
STARS.**

**DIAMOND
BRACELETS.**

**DIAMOND
BROOCHES.**

**DIAMOND
RINGS.**

**DIAMOND
COMBS.**

**PEARL & DIAMOND
ORNAMENTS.**

**PEARL
NECKLACES,**
from £10 to £10,000.

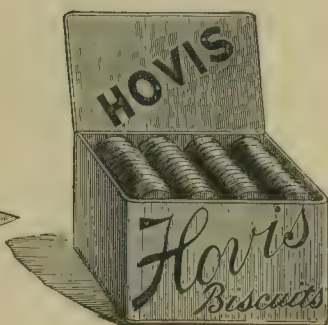
HOVIS

(REGD.)

BREAD

Cure for
Indigestion.

Supplied to the
QUEEN and
Royal Family



Highest Award at the Food and Cookery Exhibition, London, May, 1895.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The Public are cautioned against accepting from Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which, having met with such unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.)

MAPPIN BROTHERS'

ONLY
LONDON
Show-Rooms

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)
220, REGENT STREET, W.

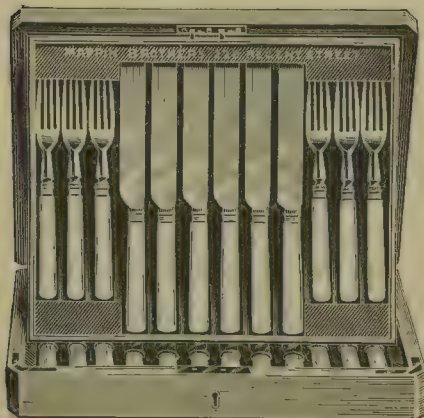
"QUEEN'S" PLATE

(Protected.)

Is the finest in the World,
and has stood the test of
eighty years.



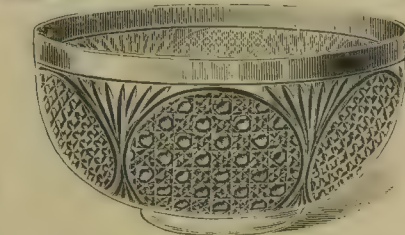
BY
HER MAJESTY'S
SPECIAL WARRANT



12 Pairs of Electro-Plated Dessert-Knives and Forks, Ivory Handles, in Oak Case, complete, £3 10s.
Ditto, Solid Silver Blades, £11 11s.



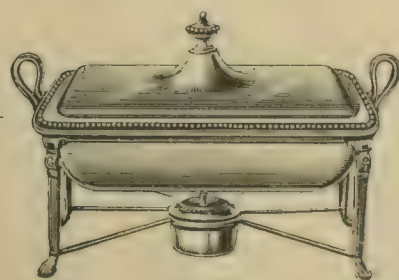
Ice-Pail, Cut Glass, mounted
"Queen's" Plate,
18s. 6d.



Handsomely Cut Glass
Salad-Bowl ... £3 0 0 ... £4 0 0
Servers to match ... 1 4 0 ... 3 0 0



Finest Crystal Glass Claret-Jug,
with Massive Solid Silver
Mounts, £5.
Plain Glass, £4 4s.



Antique Pattern Breakfast-Dish, with Spirit-Lamp, "Queen's" Plate, 9-in. Size, £5 10s.
10-in. Size, £6 15s.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
(Prices Reduced)
POST FREE TO ANY PART
OF THE WORLD.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,
220, REGENT ST., W.

GOODS FORWARDED
TO THE COUNTRY
ON APPROVAL.



Champagne Jug, Richly Cut Glass, with separate Vessel for Ice, which fits into centre of Jug.
"Queen's" Plate, Quart Size, £4 4s.



MAPPIN BROTHERS' Spiral-Fluted Tea and Coffee Service.

Tea-Pot, full size ...	£3 5 0	Tea-Pot, full size ...	£3 0 0
Coffee-Pot, " " ...	3 10 0	Coffee-Pot, " " ...	9 0 0
Sugar-Basin, gilt inside	1 10 0	Sugar-Basin, gilt inside	3 5 0
Cream-Jug, " " ...	1 4 0	Cream-Jug, " " ...	2 5 0

Any piece can be had separately.



Richly Cut Glass Bottle Cruet, mounted in "Queen's" Plate, £5. Solid Silver, £12.

Manufactory: **QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

What is the secret of the attraction of theological controversy for sailors, retired captains, and others? I remember the days when certain professional duties unconnected with propaganda compelled me to visit Exeter Hall, usually in the month of May, and I often found some nautical orator on the platform denouncing religious error as vehemently as if he were calling on a ship's crew to resist piratical boarders. This is the tone of an article in the *Fortnightly* by Captain Gambier, R.N., who is desperately afraid that the Pope will capture England. As far as I can make out, the Pope's chief allies are a certain party in the State whose opinions are detestable to Captain Gambier, R.N. If the Church should be disestablished the Pope will triumph. If religious education in elementary schools is not exactly to the liking of Captain Gambier, R.N., this means that Leo XIII. is at his machinations. It is all very entertaining in a way quite undesigned by the writer, but why it should find a place in a serious review like the *Fortnightly* I cannot divine. However, some people may be interested to know that according to Captain Gambier, R.N., St. Paul was a "wonderful person" who "invented and promulgated the creed he was pleased to call Christ's." After this, I should recommend the bewildered reader to take a dose of Mr. Grant Allen in the *Fortnightly*. In a very ingenious paper Mr. Grant Allen combats the Weismann theory that acquired aptitudes are not transmitted to offspring. It is contended, on the other hand, that as man renews himself by a process of assimilation, this indisputable fact is much more remarkable than the transmission of the results of such assimilation. The point, which is made with Mr. Grant Allen's usual lucidity, certainly deserves careful attention. I cherish the hope, nevertheless, that the singular assimilation which enables Captain Gambier, R.N., to see the Pope in everything will not be visited upon any future generation of Gambiers.

In domestic politics the reviews are happily pausing for breath, but there is a remarkable onslaught on Prince Bismarck in the *English Illustrated*. The least lovely characteristics of that great statesman are enumerated with acidity, and he is charged, among other things, with direct responsibility for the present tension between Germany and France. The argument of the critic appears to be that had Bismarck imposed on France after the war a really ruinous indemnity, the French could never have been in a position to threaten German interests any more. It might also be said that if in 1814 the Allied Powers had executed Napoleon, and murdered everybody, man, woman, and child, bearing the name of Bonaparte, there would have been no Waterloo and no Second Empire. By similar speculation much history might be reconstructed, but the task, though amusing, would bear very little relation to practical statesmanship. An excursion into French history is made in the *New Review* by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who is very wrathful with the Memoirs of Barras. I sympathise with his wrath; but he does Barras less than justice. It has apparently escaped his

notice that the digression in the Memoirs about the Marquis de Sade is not aimless. It leads up to a characteristic parallel between de Sade and Bonaparte, which, whatever else it may be, is far from "inane." Barras was possessed by the belief that he was a greater man than Napoleon, whom he never forgives for upsetting the Directory; and although this idea was unreasonable, it does not deprive the Memoirs of historical value. So far from being, as Mr. McCarthy suggests, of no importance, the account given by Barras of the struggles in the Convention, from the death of Danton to the fall of Robespierre, is distinctly useful for a proper understanding of the time. You may be sceptical about the constant wisdom and humanity which Barras assigns to himself in these tremendous transactions, but the man was not entirely incapable, and he may have been occasionally sincere. I am willing to believe that Mr. Swinburne's poem in praise of Cromwell in the *Nineteenth Century* represents a real sentiment in his mind, though the verse is not particularly inspiring, and though this sentiment may not accord with a good many other sentiments we have had of late years from the same quarter.

I learn from the *Contemporary* that Mr. F. F. Benson's appreciation of Lamb was much disturbed by Canon Ainger's life of "Elia," in the "English Men of Letters" series. Mr. Benson's theory of biography appears to be that nothing should be said which is irrelevant to the genius of the man whose life is told. On this principle he objects to the information that Lamb sometimes tipped, made bad puns, and had a Jewish nose. How does Mr. Benson know that these things had nothing to do with the "Elia" whom he admired before, in an evil moment, he fell in with Canon Ainger? I think Mr. Grant Allen will have to give Mr. Benson some lessons in the process of assimilation. There is an essay by Sir Herbert Maxwell in the *Nineteenth Century*, mysteriously entitled "Intellectual Detachment," which, if it means detachment from intellect, becomes luminous. That is the only kind of detachment I can discover in Sir Herbert's meanderings. He quotes a letter written by the late W. H. Smith, who wondered whether it would be prudent to meet Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and decided that it wouldn't. The incident is merely a comic illustration of Mr. Smith's extreme timidity; but Sir Herbert, with his "intellectual detachment," calls the letter "a lark's song" in an interval of political tempest! Mr. Richard Davey gives a vivid picture in the *Fortnightly* of life in a Turkish harem. Some reformers nearer home may be pleased to know that divorce is more common among the Turks than in the United States, and that when a Turkish wife is divorced, her husband has to restore every piastre of her dowry. Professor Case in the same review is incensed at the idea of admitting women to University degrees, and tells an awful tale of a young man and a young woman who were actually heard talking in a room "darkened for the study of optics." I fear the poor dear Professor will hear of even more shocking things if he becomes really inquisitive. Mr. Vernon Blackburn writes in eloquent appreciation of Eleonora Duse in the *New Review*; but

his argument that this great actress owes her supremacy to intellect is not conclusive. Duse's intellect is quite equal to the conception of Fédora, yet in this part she fails utterly, because it belongs to an atmosphere entirely foreign to her. So does Cleopatra. Intellect cannot give the temperament needed for portraying the serpent of old Nile. When Mr. Blackburn says that a large residuum of the artist's personality in any part indicates comparative failure I am inclined to reply that Duse's successes are mainly due to an exquisitely beautiful personality, which subdues to itself every part within its range. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells in the *Century* some stories of Stevenson which may offend the amiable Mrs. Oliphant; and *Blackwood* is not quite fair to Mr. William Watson. In *Harper's* I notice that Mr. Dudley Warner is grieved by the persistent hostility of British critics to American literature. He thinks this tends to the alienation of two great countries. I am not aware that Mr. Howells's prolonged irritation, in Mr. Dudley Warner's present chair, against English fiction excited any demand here for war with America.

L. F. AUSTIN.

A curious result of the Chino-Japanese war has been to create something like a camphor famine. Hitherto the Chinese have been the chief providers of camphor, but the country is now so demoralised that the trade is greatly crippled, and it will be some time before it recovers itself. The price of this article has been advancing at the rate of a penny or two per pound per day, and it seems likely to reach a record figure. To-day it costs from £7 to £8 per hundredweight, being dearer in China than in London. The value of camphor as a remedial agent and its utility in checking a number of diseases is universally known. There need not, however, be any occasion for alarm or uneasiness, as the famous non-poisonous disinfectant Izal is an even more effective agent than camphor in arresting and preventing disease even of the most virulent type.

The heat during the past week has been extreme in many parts of Europe, but especially in "the sunny South." At Palermo, in Sicily, it rose to 111 deg. of Fahrenheit in the shade.

The numbers of foreigners arriving at ports of the United Kingdom in the first six months of this year were 21,118 on their way to America, and 17,665 not going to America, the latter being 2287 less than in the corresponding part of last year.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.—Extensive alterations and additions in train service are being made by the Great Northern Railway Company to meet the requirements of tourists travelling to the east coast watering-places, Scotland, etc. The tourist express from King's Cross at 10.25 a.m. will run to Scarborough and Whitby direct until Sept. 21 inclusive, and an additional express to serve Scarborough, Whitby, Filey, and places between York and Newcastle will leave King's Cross at 2.30 p.m. until Sept. 30. The night service to Scotland will be improved by the addition of the Highland express from July 22 to Aug. 9 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), leaving King's Cross 7.30 p.m., and running in advance of the mail train from Perth to Inverness; while an additional express leaves King's Cross at 10 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) until Sept. 30, giving an exceedingly smart service with Edinburgh, Glasgow, Craigendoran, Oban, Fort William, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc. Many of the express trains to Scotland, etc., have been accelerated.

"TEA BY THE TON."

Extract from the "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

"THE romance of Tea has yet to be written, but it is distinctly advantageous that the system should be known which is adopted by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, of 21, Mincing Lane, London, of supplying Tea **Direct from the Growers.**

"A visit to the huge Warehouses of the United Kingdom Tea Co. is a Revelation.

"In the first place you have to multiply your modest pound or so of Tea by thousands, and arrive at **Tons** before you can realise even a single day's output of this great Establishment; and yet, so perfect is the System employed, that these countless Packages, ranging from neatly packed pounds to heavy Chests, are received, dealt with, and distributed in such a manner that from the time the Tea leaves Ceylon, India, or China, until it reaches the Consumer, it is untouched by hand. From the Tea Gardens in the far East to the Docks, from the Docks to the United Kingdom Tea Company's Warehouses, the Tea is brought in large Chests, there to be opened, blended with skill and judgment, and mixed by huge machines, which, in their turn, discharge their contents into great funnels, whence the Teas are conveyed to the enormous Containers in which they are stored until such time as they are to be packed for sending away. The whole work is arranged with such faultless method, and every detail of the Business is carried out with such cleanliness and freedom from dust or litter, that it is easy to understand that Tea dealt with in so scrupulously clean and careful a manner must be vastly superior to what is usually retailed.

"From quality and treatment it is a natural transition to the very important question of price, and by virtue of the Company's experience, and by their system of supplying the public **Direct**, they are able to supply their Teas (samples of which are forwarded Gratis) at quite wonderful prices, at 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, and 2/- a pound, these various prices representing different blends and Growths, but one and all of pure quality and good aroma.

"It may be added that, in view of the difficulty experienced Abroad in getting good Tea, the Company have arrangements for supplying their Teas to any part of the World at fixed prices, including Carriage, Bonding, and Shipping, Foreign Duty, Insurance and Packing, &c. The rates are duly set forth in a special 'Foreign Department' price list.

"The United Kingdom Tea Company's Offices, at 21, Mincing Lane, London, with its army of clerks, where all the details of Counting-House Work are transacted, is a sight to be remembered."

ELLIMAN'S 1/1 1/2
UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

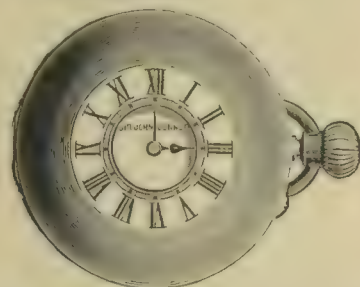
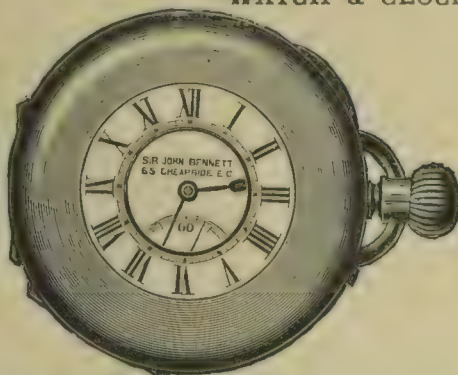


Prepared only by
ELLIMAN Sons & Co. Slough England.

STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.

IT WILL HAVE FOR YOU WILL HAVE NONE

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.

Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—**SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH.** A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. **GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.**

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

Mild in Operation, Perfectly Safe, and free from injurious drugs.

NORTON'S
Trade Mark.

It is not claimed that these Camomile Pills will cure all diseases, but they have for the past 100 YEARS CURED

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

INDIGESTION SICK HEADACHE BILIOUSNESS DEBILITY STOMACH and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

SPLENDID TONIC.

Ask for NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, and do not accept a substitute. Bottles, 1/1, 2/9, & 11/-, of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Prepared by NORTON'S, LIMITED, 21, Spital Square, London, E.

GENTLE APERIENT.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

Special, hygienic, adherent & invisible Toilet powder — **CH. FAY**, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

ELKINGTON & CO., LD.

MANUFACTURING

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO



Catalogues

FREE

ON APPLICATION TO ANY OF THE HOUSES.

LONDON

22, REGENT STREET.

THE OLD MANSION HOUSE,
73, CHEAPSIDE.

BIRMINGHAM

LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER

CALCUTTA

ORIGINATORS & PATENTEES OF ELECTRO PLATE.

ELKINGTON & CO., LD.

"ELKINGTON ON PLATE"
HAS WITHSTOOD THE TEST OF WEAR FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS IN HOTELS AND STEAMSHIPS.

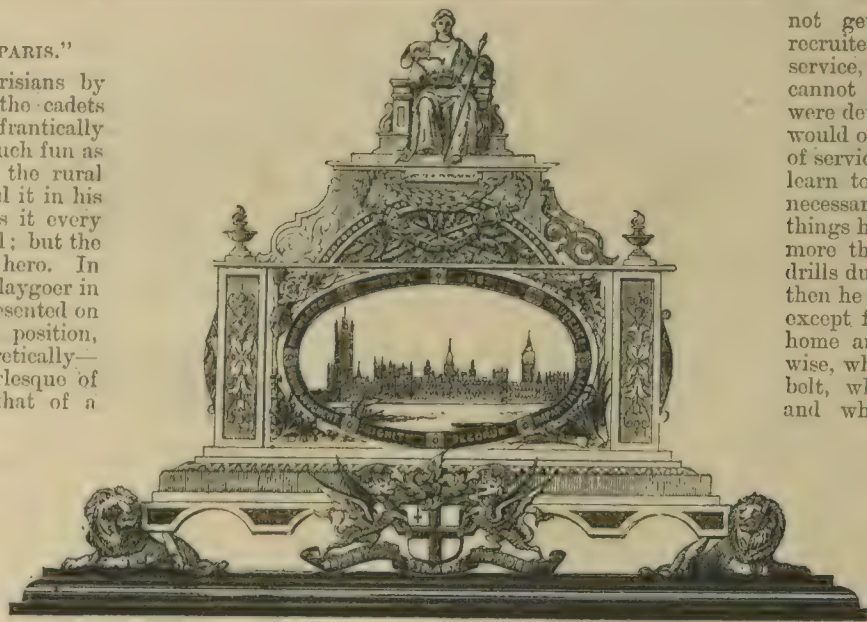
ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One should be careful not to offend the Parisians by depreciating their *sapeurs-pompier* who, with the cadets of the Military Academy of St. Cyr, are always frantically applauded at the reviews. One may make as much fun as one likes of the provincial, and especially of the rural *pompier* in his grotesque "get up": Sardou did it in his "Bons Villageois," and the Parisian *Arry* does it every year at the Bal de l'Opéra during the Carnival; but the *sapeur-pompier* of the capital is sacred. He is a hero. In the whole course of my long experience as a playgoer in France, I have never seen the Paris *pompier* represented on the stage either in a dignified or undignified position, although I am acquainted with one play—*theoretically*—in which he was assigned a part. It is a burlesque of "Ruy Blas," and the rôle of the fireman is that of a peacemaker. When Don Saluste drops his handkerchief and haughtily bids his former valet pick it up, the *pompier* on duty emerges from the wings and saves that "cardboard" lover of the Queen of Spain the humiliation.

Both Meyerbeer and Alexandre Dumas the Elder thought highly of the *pompier*, but not as a *pompier*. They frequently consulted him as to the probable effect of this or that scene or air on the public, and the great dramatist rewrote a whole tableau of the "Three Musketeers" in deference to the *pompier's* judgment. "I am doing this for two reasons," explained Dumas afterwards. "To begin with, I consider the *pompier* a better judge of what such a popular melodrama should be than the best trained dramatic critic; secondly, I do not wish to have the deaths of a dozen or so of people on my conscience, and if the *pompier* were not amused, he might fall asleep, the theatre might catch fire, and there might be over so many lives lost. That is why I rewrote the tableau."

Dumas was not altogether joking. Years before that, during the fourth or fifth performance of Halévy's "Guido et Gêneva" at the Opéra, some of the scenery caught fire, and but for the presence of mind of the then manager, Dr. Duponchel, there would have been a panic and a terrible catastrophe. It was ascertained that the brigadier-fireman, who was posted at the spot where the mischief began, had fallen asleep. He frankly admitted the lapse of vigilance, at the same time pleading extenuating circumstances. "What do you mean?" asked the captain entrusted with the report of the affair. "Such a thing has never happened to me before, *mon capitaine*; but it is impossible to keep one's eyes open during that act. You need not take my word, but perhaps you will try the effect yourself." The captain did try, and sat for two or



CASKET FOR FREEDOM OF THE CITY PRESENTED TO VISCOUNT PEEL.

The casket for the presentation of the Freedom of the City of London to the Right Hon. Viscount Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, on Thursday, July 11, at Guildhall, was designed and manufactured by Messrs. George Kenning and Son, goldsmiths, of Little Britain. Its front shows a beautiful enamel picture of the Houses of Parliament viewed from the river; this is enclosed by an oval band with enamelled ornaments and the names of the Virtues becoming to one holding the office of Speaker; in the four corners are the rose, thistle, shamrock, and leek, emblems of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The lid of the casket exhibits the Maces, with wreaths of oak and laurel, above which is the figure, in gold, of Prudent Justice, seated upon a stately throne. The casket rests upon a massive silver-gilt base, supported by four recumbent lions, with the arms of the City of London emblazoned in correct heraldic colours.

three minutes after the rise of the curtain; then he rose hurriedly, rubbing his eyes. The brigadier and his men were severely reprimanded, but they were not tried. The captain said he was glad for Halévy's sake, for if he had been obliged to give evidence, he could have only confirmed the brigadier's statement.

I am not aware whether the Paris *pompier* has deteriorated in his critical faculties; this much I do know, he is an excellent soldier, and with the exception of the *garde républicaine* and the *gendarme*, the smartest man in the French army. Unfortunately for the safety of Paris, he is too much of a soldier and not enough of a fireman. In 1887, when the Opéra Comique was burned down, I had several conversations with eminent authorities, both English and French, on the subject of fires, and on one point they were all agreed—namely, that it takes between three and four years' training to make an effective fireman. During that time his drill should be exclusively confined to the object in view—the extinguishing of fires.

Under existing conditions the Paris *pompier* does

not get that three or four years' training. He is recruited under the provisions of the laws on military service, and the whole period of his stay with the colours cannot exceed three years. If the whole of that period were devoted to teaching him his duties as a fireman, he would only then be competent at the expiration of his term of service. Such, however, is not the case. He has to learn to be a soldier as well as a fireman, and he must necessarily be deficient as a fireman, seeing that above all things he is considered a soldier. But admitting him to be more than commonly intelligent and able to master both drills during those thirty-six months, what then? Well, then he goes home, and his company knows him no more, except for twenty-eight days in every year. He goes home and his place is taken by a recruit, raw or otherwise, who does not even know how to buckle his webbing belt, who, in short, has to be taught from A to Z, and who, like his predecessor, leaves the barracks just when he might become useful.

That is the weak point in the organisation of the French *sapeurs-pompier*—as distinct from the amateurs who operate in the smaller centres. When the term of military service was five years, there was at any rate a chance of keeping some experienced men for a year or so, although even then the comparatively lucky numbers did not stay the whole of their time. It is not surprising, then, that after the disastrous fire at Godillot's equipment stores, there should be an outcry for reform—i.e., to make the *sapeur-pompier* a civil servant of the State.

The greatest difficulty the Paris fire brigade has to contend with is the lamentable deficiency of the water-supply, and from all I hear and read just now that deficiency was the principal cause of the alarming proportions the last conflagration assumed. That reproach is not a new one, and yet the Parisian appears to remain wilfully blind to it—nay, to resist every attempt at improvement in that direction. Not later than a century and a half ago a most eminent man, Bonnamy, the historiographer of and librarian to the city of Paris, patted the authorities on the back for their liberal supply of the most indispensable fluid, though he could not have been ignorant of a picture à la Hogarth by Voltaire, showing us a poor devil of a Parisian swilling water—and such water!—from a cracked beer-mug. Parmentier, to whom France owes the introduction of the potato, Petit-Radel, one of the foremost members of the Institute, Mirabeau, and a dozen others all equally famous, sang the tune of Bonnamy at different times. They waxed positively indignant at the slightest indictment against the quantity and quality of the Paris water-supply. And at present, when there is an outcry after such a calamity as has just happened, the thing is forgotten in a week until the next destruction.

TO AMERICAN VISITORS.

PETER ROBINSON'S

WORLD-FAMED DRY-GOODS STORE.

One Hundred Shops and Show-Rooms.

SILKS, DRESSES, MANTLES, COSTUMES, MILLINERY,
DINNER-DRESSES, TEA-GOWNS, DANCE-DRESSES,
SEALSKIN COATS, INDIA SHAWLS,
LACE, HOSIERY, GLOVES, TRUNKS, ETC.,

OXFORD ST. AND REGENT ST.

S. Sainsbury's

Sold throughout the Country.

Lavender Water

Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. Established 1839.

LUXARDO'S

MARASCHINO

di Zara

THE KING of LIQUEURS.



English Agent:
E. Vitali, London E.C.

EPPS'S
COCOINE.

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.
(Tea-like).

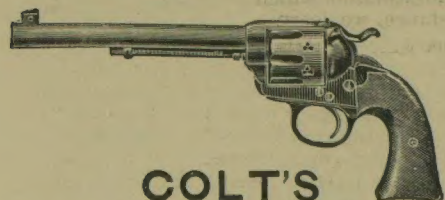
The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now beneficially taking the place with many. Its active principle being a gentle nerve-stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

Sold in packets and tins, labelled:

JAMES EPPS and CO., Ltd.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON.



MURATTI'S CIGARETTES are guaranteed
Manufactured from the choicest growths of Turkish
Tobacco, and are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be
the finest in the market.



COLT'S NEW '95 MODEL, '455 CAL. ARMY AND TARGET REVOLVER IN ONE

TAKES THE REGULATION SERVICE CARTRIDGE.
No pistol shoots more accurately, quickly, or is as durable in construction. Every pistol guaranteed.
Everyone should try it before buying a military, match, or frontier revolver.

COLT'S MAGAZINE LIGHTNING REPEATING RIFLES AND CARBINES.

'22 Cal., for Rook, Rabbit, and Target Shooting.
No country house should be without.

**COLT'S U.S. GOVERNMENT
NEW ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.**
**COLT'S NEW POCKET EJECTOR
REVOLVER** is the best made.
Price List Free.

COLT'S FIREARMS MFG. CO.,
26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

Sir Morell Mackenzie,

Oliver Wendell Holmes,

Miss Emily Faithful,

The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,

and many other persons of distinction have testified
to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a quarter of a century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
In Tins, 4s. 3d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Lynch & Co.,
J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts, & Co.,
John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Hs. uses.

JUNO Cycles are the VERY BEST.

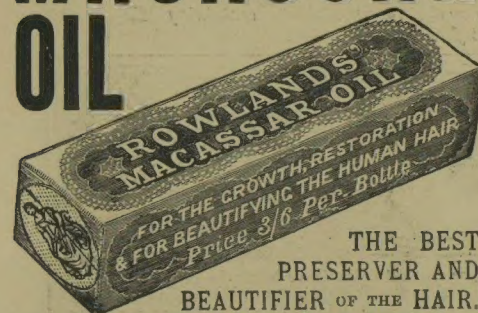


RIGID.
LIGHT.
SWIFT

New Season List of
JUNO Cycles and
Cycle Sundries now
ready, and sent Post
Free to any part
of the world. Machines
shipped to
all parts. Roadsters,
Racers, Ladies', and
Military Cycles.

Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd.,
75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.
N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL



THE BEST
PRESERVER AND
BEAUTIFIER OF THE HAIR.

BEST BRILLIANTINE

For the Hair, Beard, Whiskers and Moustaches,
to which it imparts a soft and silky appearance.

GOLDEN COLOUR

for fair haired children and ladies.
Bottles 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to four small.

ASK ANYWHERE FOR
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,
OF 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

THE GREAT REMEDY.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few
days by these celebrated Pills.
SURE, SAFE, AND EFFECTUAL.
Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

ASTHMA CURE GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous
Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression
immediately relieved by Grimault and Co's Indian
Cigarettes, 1s. 9d. per box all Chemists, or post
free Wilcox, 239, Oxford-St. London, W.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

LOHSE'S World-known Specialities for
beautifying the Complexion.

EAU DE LYS DE LOHSE
LOHSE'S LILY MILK

in White, Pink and Cream.

For preserving the beauty and youthful freshness
of the skin.

LOHSE'S LILIENMILCH SEIFE
LOHSE'S LILY SOAP.

Delicately scented and emollient, keeps the
complexion fresh, smooth, and rosy-white.

GUSTAV LOHSE BERLIN.

Perfumer by Appointment to H.M. the Empress Frederick.

Creator of the celebrated Maiglöckchen
(Lily of the Valley) Perfumery.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Smith & Sons Watches
From Astronomers defining the exact time
of the Sun crossing the Meridian. To
£2 With one of Smith's Watches £100
Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON, E.C.4.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty
and the Royal Observatories.
Prize Medallists Electrical Exhibition 1892.
for Non Magnetizable Watches and the famous Split
Seconds Watches as used at all important Races.
Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch. 140 Pages. 320 Illustrations.
Post free.

"A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."
Delightfully and delicately fragrant.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

ATKINSON'S IS THE
ONLY GENUINE.
Perfume, Toilet Powder, Soap, Tooth Powder,
Sachets, & all other specialities with this
"charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout
the World & of the Manufacturers—
J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

MANUFACTURED IN THREE SIZES, AT

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-
EACH.

HOW

**MR. HALL CAINE WROTE
"THE MANXMAN."**

"Yes, if the fact is of any consequence, you
are very welcome to say that I wrote 'THE
MANXMAN' with the SWAN FOUNTAIN
PEN. It has become quite indispensable to
me. I can use it with ease and certainly
anywhere and at any time, even in the dark,
in bed, and on horseback."

"HALL CAINE.

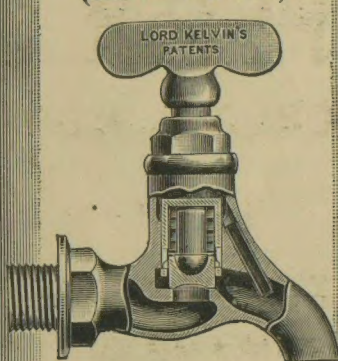
"To Mabie, Todd, and Bard,
"93, Cheapside, London, E.C."

We require your steel pen and handwriting to select
a suitable pen. Complete Illustrated Catalogue
sent post free on application.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., OR 95A, REGENT ST., W.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE HOT & COLD WATER TAP

INVENTED BY
LORD KELVIN
(SIR W^m THOMSON)



GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

NO PACKING
NO WASHERS
NO LEAKAGE

SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY
PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS,
AND BY THE

PALATINE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

TO BLACKSTOCKS LIVERPOOL

Vinolia

DOES NOT
CORRODE THE
SKIN; KEEPS
IT SMOOTH
and VELVETY.

SOAP (for Sensitive Skins), Premier Vinolia Soap, 4d. per Tablet.
CREAM (for Itching, Eczema, Face Spots). 1/1½, 1/9.
POWDER (for Nursery, Redness, Roughness, etc.) 1/-, 1/9.

KROPP Real German RAZORS

EVERY KROPP RAZOR IS GUARANTEED.

MANUFACTURED OF THE BEST QUALITY
OF REFINED AND HIGHLY TEMPERED
ENGLISH STEEL.

BY A SPECIAL PROCESS OF TEMPERING
AND HARDENING, EACH BLADE ATTAINS AN EXACTNESS AND
EQUABILITY OF TEMPER WITH WHICH NO ENGLISH GROUND
RAZOR CAN COMPETE.

BLACK HANDLE · 5/6
IVORY · 7/6
Extra Stout IVORY
HANDLE & IVORY
TANG, very superior 21/-



EACH RAZOR IS
PACKED IN A CASE

THE FLEXIBILITY OF THE
BLADE MAKES SHAVING A
LUXURY, EVEN TO THOSE
WITH STUBBORN BEARDS & TENDER SKINS.
THEY NEVER REQUIRE RE-GRINDING, AND IF STROPPED
WITH CARE BEFORE AND AFTER USE ON A RAZOR
STROP MADE SPECIALLY FOR USE WITH GERMAN
GROUND RAZORS, WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

CAUTION.—Avoid Imitations, wherever found. Every genuine "Kropp" Razor bears the Registered
Trade Mark, as illustrated above. Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, and CO., LONDON, W.

A VALUABLE BOOK OF REFERENCE.

A Dictionary of Artists. By Algernon Graves. (London: Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall.)—The compilation of this valuable volume must have been a labour of love, for it is impossible to conceive how even the prospect of pecuniary reward could sustain the author in the arid desert of names through which his path lay. Ten years ago Mr. Algernon Graves gave to the public the first-fruits of his labour, in a volume containing nearly 16,000 names of artists who had exhibited at the various public exhibitions which have been in existence since the middle of the last century. The volume was received by students of the history of art with general gratitude; but it was felt—and even admitted by the author—that there were many *lacunae* which time, research, and publicity could alone fill. The new edition shows the correctness of this feeling, and we have now a volume which must contain little short of 25,000 names of artists who have appealed to the public from the earliest days of recorded exhibitions down to the close of 1893. The inclusion of the two Water Colour Societies, the numerous winter and summer exhibitions,

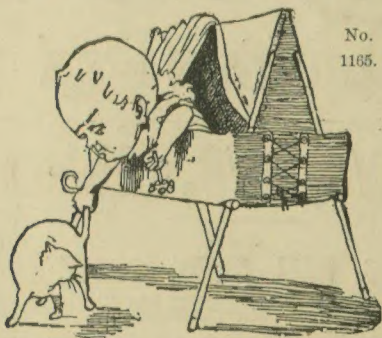
the supply of materials from various sources, as well as the innumerable crowd of painters whom recent times have called into existence, have helped to swell the volume to its present size. Mr. Graves' plan is to give as far as possible the full names of the artists, their dwelling-place, the first and last year in which they exhibited, their branch of art, and then the total number of their pictures as shown in the nine principal galleries, and an additional column giving the number of their contributions to "various exhibitions." Under the last heading he groups the Associated Artists, which lasted from 1808 to 1815; the Portland Gallery, 1849-61; the Dudley Gallery, 1865-82; the Institute of Oil Painters, founded in 1883; and the Society of Portrait Painters, which dates only from 1891. Thus the whole period of British art from the days of its recognition by the public is practically covered; but Mr. Graves' manuscript volumes from which this digest has been compiled reveal not only the titles of the individual pictures but the names of the sitters for portraits, and other valuable information, which he generously offers to place at the disposal of subscribers to the Dictionary in need of further details. Even this work—which is designed rather for

reference and utility—contains scraps of information which are not without general interest. For instance, we learn the various names under which artists have passed, and that it is not only the ladies who have changed their names (sometimes more than once) as they advanced in their profession; that Master Raphael Turner at the age of seven and a-half years exhibited at the Society of Artists a landscape, which was, however, apparently his only work; that William Thomson, a portrait-painter who flourished 1760-82, was known as "Blarney"; and that an almost impenetrable mystery hangs over the painter "Squim." The sincere thanks of all who care for biographical accuracy are due to Mr. Graves for the elaborate painstaking which this volume reveals.

The London School Board has produced its finance budget, showing an expenditure for the year amounting to £2,163,767. The sum of £897,000, the largest demand ever yet made on the ratepayers, will be required for the half-year ending March 1896. It appears that Londoners have now to pay a school-rate of elevenpence halfpenny in the pound.

THE 'SHAKESPEARE COT.'

Suitable for a Babe, or a Child of any age.



A Child's New Bed. Made in Five Sizes.

This newly invented Cot is strong and simple, easily taken to pieces and put together again, packs into a small compass, and weighs from 11 to 15 lb. The canvas is in one piece, which is stretched on to a frame, forming such an easy, pliable bed that a mattress is not needed.

FOR PRICE LIST & PARTICULARS ADDRESS:
BENJAMIN EDGINGTON
2 DUKE ST. LONDON BRIDGE

Cuticura SOAP

The most Effective Skin
Purifying and Beautifying
Soap in the World.
The Purest, Sweetest, and
Most Refreshing for Toilet
Bath and Nursery.

Sold throughout the world. F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London, E. C.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS.



Sold in 6d. and 1s. Boxes, throughout the Three Kingdoms.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
London.
Really good Foreign Cigars at
16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples, 5 for 1s. (14 Stamps).

HIGHEST AWARD AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.



COLEMAN'S WINE
OR
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT
MEAT & MALT WINE.
SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOTTLES, 2/6 & 4/6.
Over 2000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
COLEMAN and CO., Ltd., Norwich and London.

FASHIONABLE MOURNING

AT MODERATE PRICES.

PETER ROBINSON,

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

LEGAL GUARANTEE.

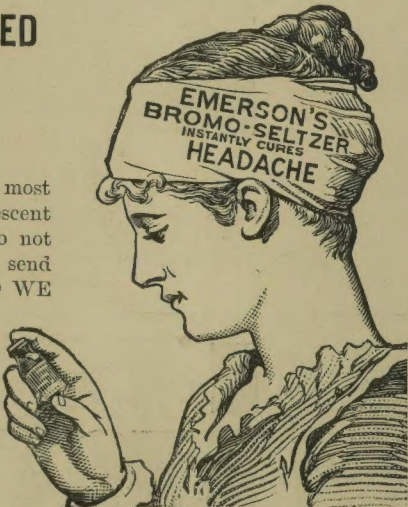
6D. EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache, no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE. Trial bottle, post free, 6d. Larger sizes, 1s. and 2s. Sold by many Chemists, or obtained to order by almost all.

EMERSON DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Insist on Full Name—

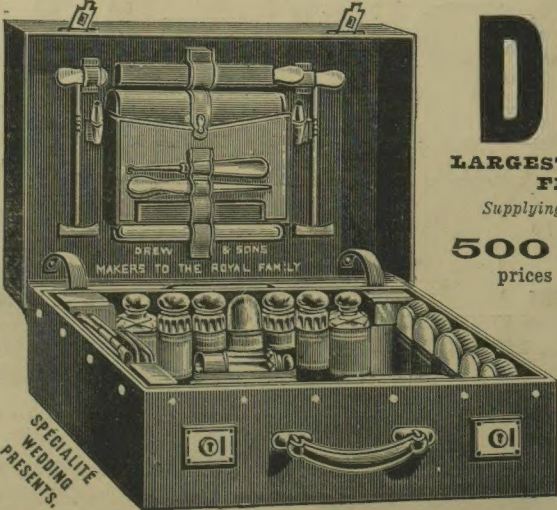
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.



THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

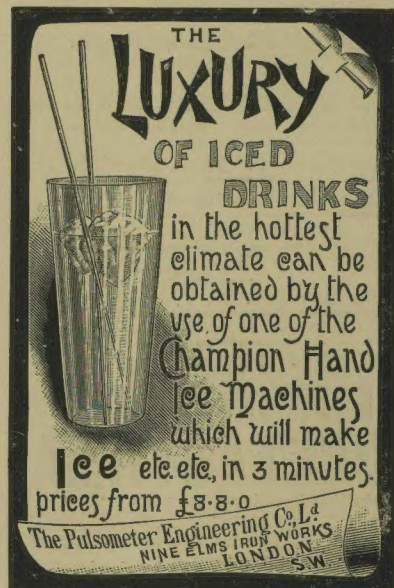


DREWS'
LARGEST MAKERS IN THE WORLD OF
FINEST LEATHER GOODS.

Supplying Purchasers direct from their own WORKS,
saving all intermediate profits.
500 DRESSING BAGS AND CASES TO SELECT FROM,
prices from £3 3s. to £300.
NEW DESIGNS POST FREE.

ACTUAL MAKERS of Finest Quality
SOLID LEATHER TRUNKS,
PATENT WOOD-FIBRE TRUNKS,
PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA-BASKETS.

DREW & SONS,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.



Dr. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR.

(PERFECTLY HARMLESS.)
THE UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR
THE CURE OF
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR
TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.
FROM THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

"Sir,—... I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for twenty-five years! I took LAVILLE'S medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail."
"I remain, yours truly,
"FRANCIS CLOSE."

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists and Stores,
or post free, from F. COMAR and SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Descriptive Pamphlet, containing Testimonials,
post free on application.

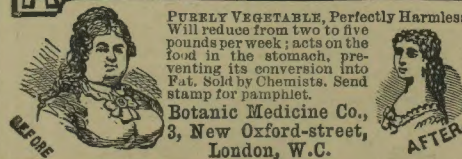


They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.
12 CURLERS IN BOX FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless.
Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co.,
3, New Oxford-street,
London, W.C.

ISLE OF MAN.
MOST POPULAR RESORT IN
THE KINGDOM.

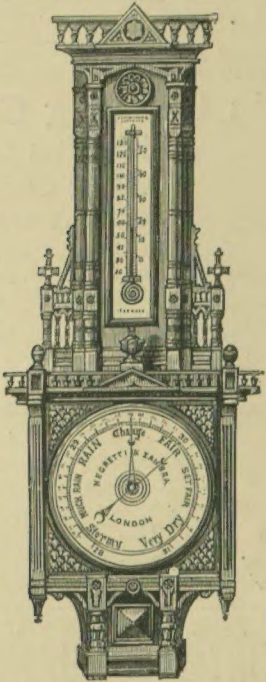
Yachting, rowing, river, bay, and deep-sea fishing. Bathing, coaching, cycling, golfing, tennis, cricketing, and mountaineering. Guides, map, hotel and boarding-house lists sent free by

MR. T. KEIG,
5, ATHOL STREET, DOUGLAS, MAN;
or 27, Imperial Buildings, London, E.C.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by all Chemists, &c., everywhere.

To be had of all Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., &c.,
or from
THE NIBESTOS FILTER CO.,
26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
BAROMETERS, BINOCULARS, &c. Useful and
Ornamental. ONE GUINEA AND UPWARDS.



"Special" Illustrated Price List of Instruments suitable for Presents
free by post to all parts of the world.
Scientific Instrument Makers to the Queen.
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.
Branches: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.
Photographic Studios: CRYSTAL PALACE.

ED. PINAUD
PARIS. 37, Bd de Strasbourg.

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes
VIOLET OF PARMA THEODORA
IXORA BREONI AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER
The world-renowned hair
tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS.
31, BERNERS STREET (Oxford Street), London, W.



LLOYD'S IN TUBES,
1s. 6d. and 3s. each.
THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**

FOR EASY SHAVING,

Without the use of Soap, Water, or Brush.
The Label of the Original and Genuine Euxesis is printed
with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground.

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought
the business, with the receipt, trade-mark, and goodwill,
from the executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine
is now manufactured only at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS,
BERNERS ST., W., and CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

Full Dress CIGARETTES

THE BEST THAT EXPERIENCE CAN PRODUCE

KINNEY BROS., NEW YORK

IN PACKETS OF 20
AND BOXES OF 50 & 100.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an
experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most
eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps.
MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

SHANDON HYDROPATHIC: finest health
resort in Scotland. One hour from Glasgow by rail. Pic-
turesque Grounds, Mountain Air, Sea Breezes, Sea Water Swimming-
Bath, Boating, Golf, Tennis. Centre for excursions on the Clyde,
to Loch Lomond, Oban, and West Highlands.—Address: Manager,
Shandon, N.B.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from
Mercury.

Of Vegetable
Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS

FOR
BILE,
LIVER,
HEADACHE,
HEARTBURN,
INDIGESTION,
ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

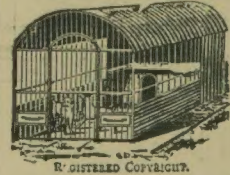
"Two pairs of boots lined with fur
were also taken; and for physic—with
which it is as well to be supplied when
travelling in out-of-the-way places—
some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the
latter a most invaluable medicine, and
one which I have used on the natives
of Central Africa with the greatest
possible success. In fact, the marvel-
lous effects produced upon the mind
and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was
impervious to all native medicines when
I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and
a friend of mine who passed through
the same district many months after-
wards, informed me that my fame as a
'medicine man' had not died out."

BOULTON & PAUL,
MANUFACTURERS,
NORWICH.

OUTDOOR REQUISITES FOR THE
GARDEN, PARK, PLEASURE
GROUNDS, ESTATE, AND FARM.

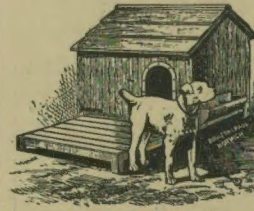


NEW COMPOSITE KENNELS.

CASH PRICES.

Carriage Paid.

Terrier size ... £4 10 0
Retriever do. ... 6 0 0
St. Bernard do. ... 7 15 0



No. 93. Registered.
DOG-KENNEL.

NOTE.—These kennels
must not be compared
with the cheap class of
kennels advertised.

Cash prices, includ-
ing registered Sliding
Benches:

Terrier size ... £1 1 0
Retriever do. ... 1 12 6
Mastiff do. ... 2 15 0
Trough, 6s. each.

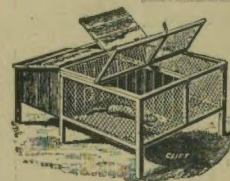
No. 65.

**DOUBLE FERRET
KENNEL.**

WITH RUNS.

CASH PRICES:

4ft. by 3ft. by 2ft. £1 15 0
Larger size ... 2 5 0

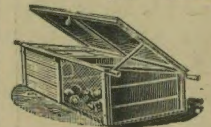


THE "MORANT" RABBIT-HUTCH.

For Rabbit-Keeping in the Open.

CASH PRICES.

Rearing-Hutch, for 12 Rabbits,
each, 22/6; Breeding-Hutch for
does or single bucks, 17/6; Double
Breeding-Hutch, 30/. Two or
more Hutches Carriage Paid.
Special Estimates for quantities.



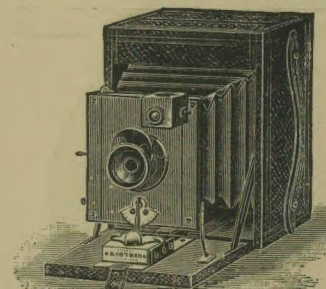
Beware of Imitations.

All orders of 40s. carriage paid to the principal railway
stations in England and Wales.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

BOULTON & PAUL,
NORWICH.

THE ..
KODET



The Latest Camera for Glass Plates.

Can be changed into Film Camera by the
substitution of Roll Holder for Double
Dark Slides. Weighs only 2 lb.

ADVANTAGES:

Lightness, Compactness, Portability,
First-Class Workmanship,
Ease and Rapidity of Manipulation.

Prices from £3 3s. to £4 10s.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

EASTMAN

Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.,
115-117 Oxford St., LONDON.
(Manufacturers of the celebrated "Kodak".)

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.



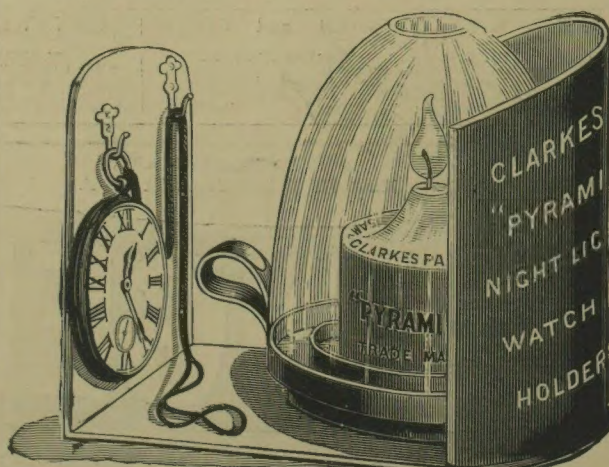
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights.
N.B.—NO WATER REQUIRED.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY
LAMP FOOD-WARMER.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder, with "Pyramid" Lamp and Box of "Pyramid" Lights,
packed in box complete, 3s. 4d.; if carriage paid, 4s.
Invaluable at every bedside.



Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 lights and glass
(burn 10 hours each), or 12 lights in a Box, to burn
6 hours, 1s. per Box.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Ligats that can safely be burned in Lamps.
Clarke's "Pyramid" & "Fairy" Light Co., Ltd., London. All communications direct to the Works, Cricklewood, London, N.W.

where all designs in "Fairy" Lamps
can be seen. Retail everywhere.
Particulars and Drawings sent post free.